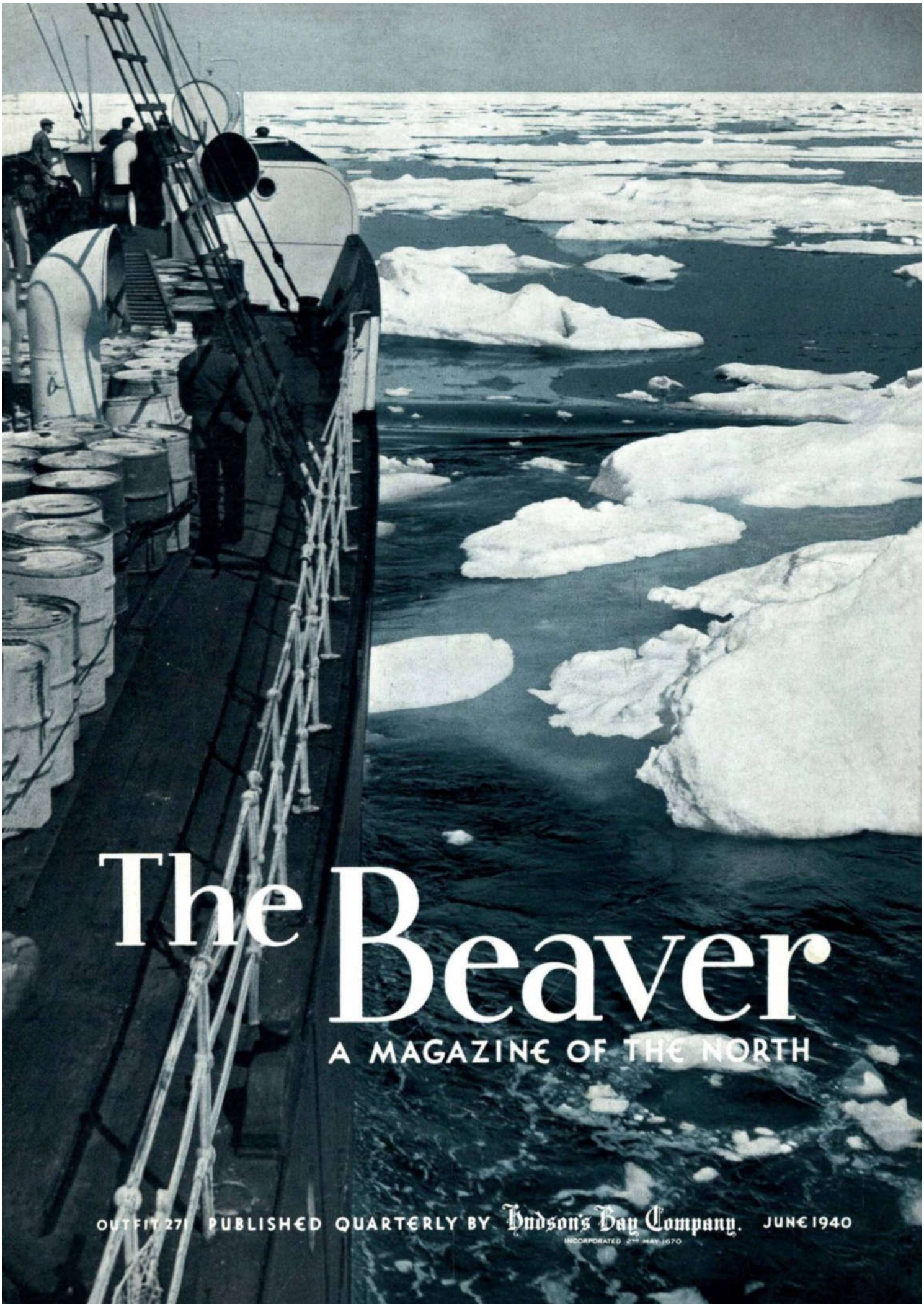
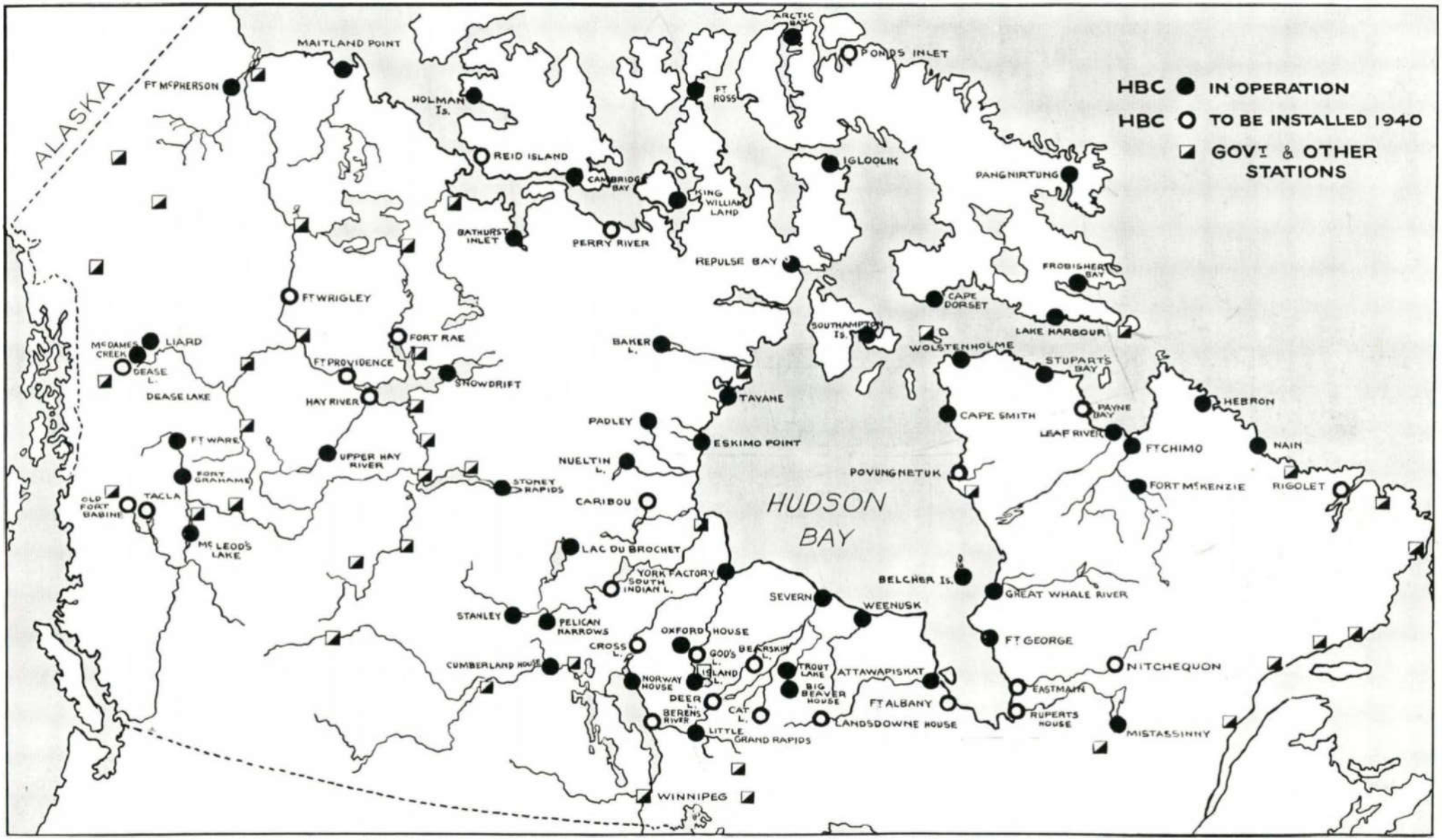


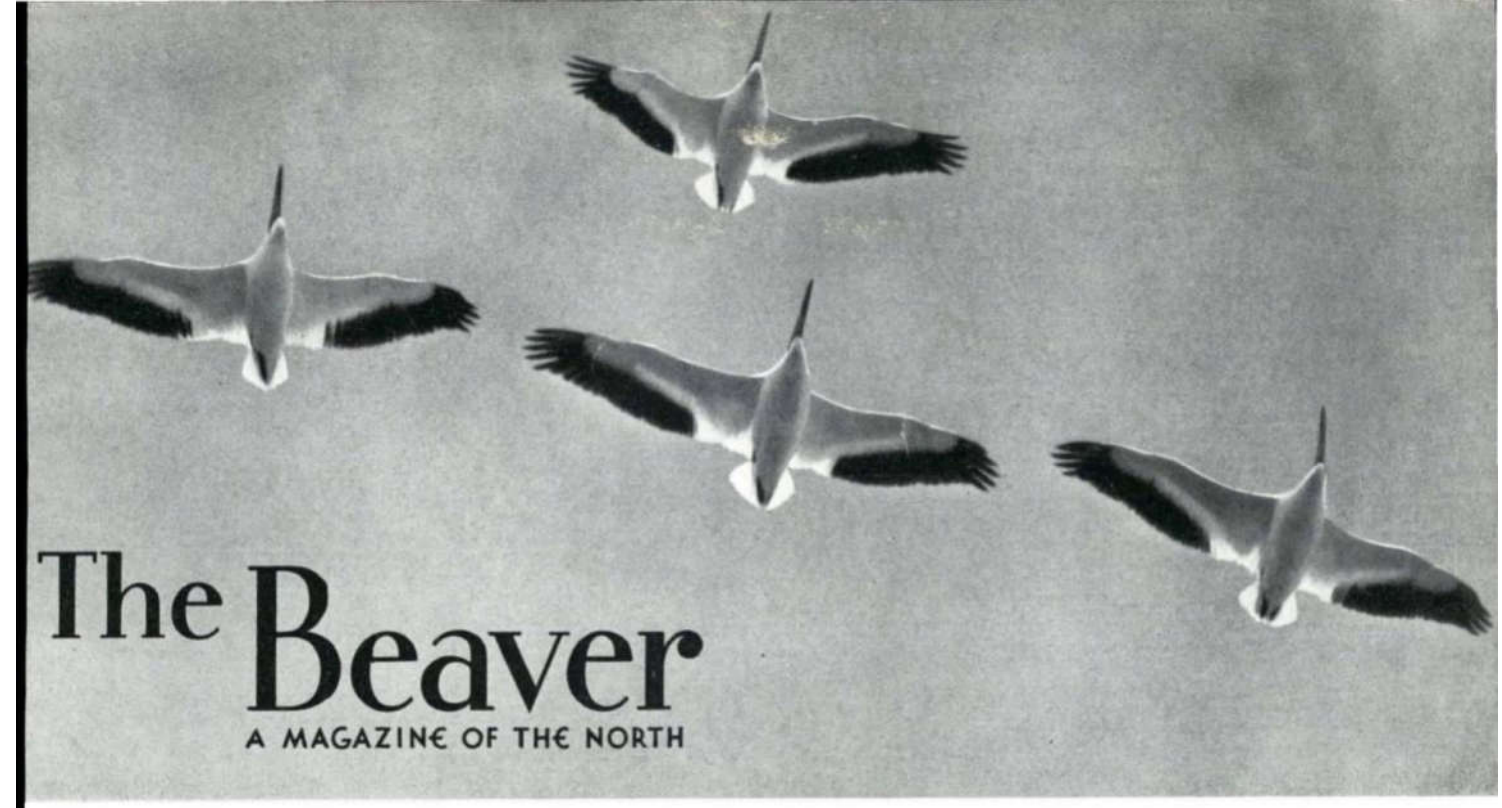
The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

OUTFIT 271 PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. JUNE 1940
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670



Radio Stations of the HBC Fur Trade Private Commercial System, 1940.



The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

North go the pelicans — *Lorene Squire*

OUTFIT 271 — JUNE 1940

Summer Packet 4
Fish and Ships—*Mary E. Williams* 6
Napoleon the Exile—*Axel Neilsen* 9
Babes in the North—*Lorene Squire* 11
Letters from Letitia Hargrave—*A. A. W. Ramsay* 18
Forty Years on the Fur Trail—*Frank Ryan* 20
March of the Mounties—*R. C. Fetherstonhaugh* 23
Down North—*J. C. Lineham* 26
Fur Trade Districts Map 30
Amundsen in King William Land—*William Gibson* 32
Tea in the Bush—*Lorene Squire* 39
War on Insects 40
Two Veterans Retire 42
Book Reviews 43
Northern Lights—*James Simpkins* 45
Fish Spearing—*William Gibson* 46
Talking Sticks—*A. R. Willis* 48
News of the Fur Trade 52
Labrador Photos—*I. Hustich* 54

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

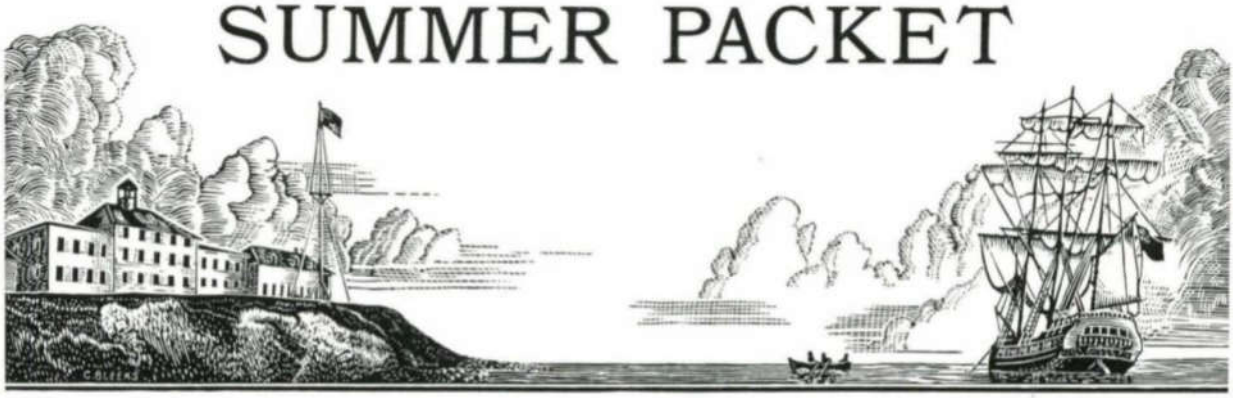
HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE — Hudson's Bay Company. — WINNIPEG, CANADA

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged.

The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application.
Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

SUMMER PACKET



Summer Packet

Once a year, during the days of the square-riggers, a Hudson's Bay Company ship reached York Factory from London, bringing the summer packet of letters. For the inhabitants of the factory, chief depot of the Company on the Bay, its arrival was the greatest event of the year. The ship usually anchored in "Five Fathom Hole" in the Hayes River, seven miles from the fort, and fired guns to announce its arrival. A boat or small schooner was then sent out to meet it, and convey the packet to the factory, where the seals were broken and the local mail distributed to eager hands. The rest went west to Norway House, then south to Fort Garry, west to the Pacific, or north down the Mackenzie.

Until the coming of the railway to the west, most of the trade goods for the forts and most of the furs for London came and went by these annual ships. By the same route came the Selkirk Settlers, and regiments of British soldiers to garrison Fort Garry.

The last Company ship to make the annual voyage to York Factory was Captain Scott's old ship, *Discovery*, in 1911. She is now in permanent anchorage off the Thames Embankment, in London.

Contributors

Some of the contributors to this issue are well known to *Beaver* readers: others we welcome to our pages for the first time. R. C. Fetherstonhaugh is a Montreal writer who specializes in military histories. His best known book is *The Royal Canadian Mounted Police*, which was reviewed in our issue of June 1938. . . . J. C. Lineham is one of our fur-trade apprentices, now stationed at Fort Simpson. . . Axel Neilsen is an ex-employee of the Company who wields a facile pen and knows his North. . . . He contributed "Dogs in Harness" to our last June issue. . . . Miss A. A. W. Ramsay, Phil.D., is a Scottish writer, the author of *Sir Robert Peel* and *The Arrow of Glenlyon*. She has had access to the hitherto unpublished letters of Letitia Hargrave, extracts from which are here published by courtesy of the writer's grand-daughter, Lady Grierson.

New 'Plane

The first Company aeroplane, CF-BMI, has proved such a success that another has recently been purchased, to be used for inspection trips. Like its big sister ship, the new plane, CF-BHA, is a Beechcraft. It is powered with a single engine, seats four besides the pilot, and has a cruising range of six hundred miles.

CF-BMI's five-thousand-mile voyage to the Arctic in March and April was the first aerial inspection trip ever carried out in those regions during the winter. Paul Davoud piloted the 'plane throughout, with the supervisor of Western Districts and the manager of the Western Arctic District among the passengers.

After being overhauled at the Beechcraft factory at Wichita, Kansas, BMI will fly up to Edmonton, there to be put on floats for the summer. She will then take a tour through British Columbia and the Yukon to Aklavik, and back up the Mackenzie. Tentative plans include a trip to Labrador in July.

When Governor Simpson made his famous inspection trip from Hudson Bay to the Pacific in 1824, he spanned the continent in eighty-four days—twenty days less than the previous record. Either of the Company 'planes can cover the same distance to-day in ten hours' flying time. If only Sir George had had a Beechcraft instead of a birch craft . . .

New Schooner

Aeroplanes may revolutionize transport schedules in the North, but the days of sail are happily still with us. This summer, a new Company schooner, built at Shelburne, Nova Scotia, will sail for James Bay, where she will replace the *Fort Churchill* as supply ship.

From the railhead at Moosonee, her home port, she will supply the ten posts around the shores of James Bay, from Weenusk to Belcher Islands. A two-masted schooner, powered with a 120-h.p. Vivian diesel engine, she carries a crew of eight, including officers. Suitably enough, she has been named *Fort Charles*, after the Company's first fort on James Bay, built on the site of the present Rupert's House.

No Submarines

Travel in Canada will undoubtedly be much heavier this summer, owing to the unhealthy condition of Europe. Those who crave a long steamer voyage may choose either the Great Lakes or the Mackenzie River. The trip down the latter is one of the most unusual and interesting that a tourist can make in this country. And it provides comfort in the midst of scenic (and sometimes personal) beauty. It takes the traveller right up into Eskimo land, where people have names like Uktuk and Ikmik, paddle about in kayaks, and use things like koodliks (stone lamps) and koomukshooviks (we'll leave that one untranslated).

A description of the voyage on one of the Mackenzie River steamers is contained in this issue under the title "Down North." The reason it is called "down" rather than "up" is apparently because you go north downstream. Why the same phrase is used in Labrador and Newfoundland, we are at a loss to explain. The steamers that ply the Mackenzie are all shallow-draft stern-wheelers which can run up alongside the river bank at almost any place they choose and take on another supply of firewood. The whole trip, in fact, is delightfully informal, although keeping strictly to schedule.

Strange cargoes are carried, and stranger passengers —some of them real northern characters who never even heard of James Oliver Curwood. Then there are usually some Mounties and Company men going in or coming out. With never a suspicion of a rolling movement, the white ships glide along the waters of the mighty Mackenzie, and every so often they stop at an old or new Hudson's Bay post to load or discharge freight and passengers. At such times the traveller is enabled to see what life at a trading post of the Great Company is really like.

The entire trip from Waterways to the Arctic coast and return takes about five weeks, but it is possible to go one way by 'plane thereby making the trip in approximately three weeks. Further information can be obtained from the Mackenzie River Transport, Birks Building, Edmonton.

Years and Honours

Those who serve the Hudson's Bay Company have great traditions to follow—traditions built up over the centuries by men who made service with the Great Company as honourable a profession as service with the Army or the Navy. The loyalty, courage, and integrity of the Commissioned Officers became a byword especially during the nineteenth century, when they ruled most of what is now Canada. Son followed father, and grandson followed son, and all of them were proud to call themselves servants of the Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company.

The great traditions still live in the Company today. Its officers no longer govern half a continent, but they still serve the Company long and faithfully, to retire in the end full of years and honours. Last month, three such retirements took place, of which fuller accounts will be found in subsequent pages. Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, and C. W. Veysey, manager of the Wine and Spirit Department, both have forty years of service to their credit; and A. H. Doe, Superintendent of Buildings, has thirty.

Recently, too, Albert Brotheridge of the Wholesale Department was awarded the gold medal for thirty years' service.

Managers' Meeting

Once a year, in the great days of the fur-trade, the Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land met to review the operations of the various posts scattered throughout Canada and determine policies for the coming year's trading. To-day the Council is no more, but in the same tradition the managers of the Company's retail stores from Winnipeg to Victoria meet together to review the operations and discuss policies of the Retail Stores Department.

Last month they met, for the first time in two and a half years, at Edmonton. The Alberta capital was chosen largely because of the recent opening there of the Company's newest store, described in *The Beaver* for last December. As usual, the members of the Canadian Committee were present. A parting presentation was made to Alfred H. Doe, retiring Superintendent of Buildings, who built the new store and to honour whom a dinner was held on the opening night. George W. Allan, chairman of the Canadian Committee, stressed in his opening speech the need for flexibility in meeting the rapidly changing conditions of wartime economy, and reviewed the successful operations of the past year's retailing throughout the Company's stores from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Vancouver Island.

"—But Is It Art?"

The aboriginal art of the North Pacific Coast Indians is probably the most highly conventionalized in the world. Anyone familiar with its set forms can immediately tell whether a piece of carving or painting is good or bad; but it is difficult to say exactly why. The pictures we have used in the article, "Talking Sticks," illustrate some good examples which were carved many years ago. Such fine work is hard to find nowadays. The little that is done seems to be confined to the carving of model totem poles in black slate at about two dollars an inch.

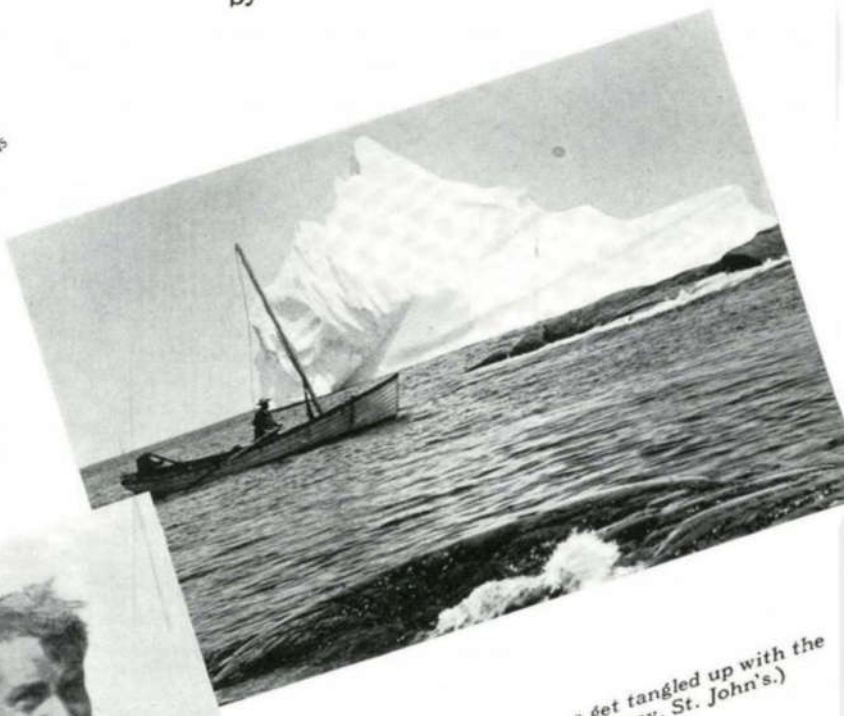
The few good carvers that are left appear to leave to their untutored brethren—and to the Japanese—the carving and painting of model totem poles and masks in wood, and the result is a steady stream of gimcracks which are sold in curio shops from coast to coast as "Pacific Coast handicraft." A little comparison with the work of the master craftsmen will soon show even the most inexperienced buyer what a vast difference there is between the two. We suspect that if all the model wooden totem poles now sold throughout this continent were placed end to end, they would make perfectly splendid firewood.

Canadian Committee

The Honourable Charles A. Dunning has recently joined the Canadian Committee, filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of J. W. McConnell. Mr. Dunning has been prominent in the public life of Canada for many years, holding offices first in the Saskatchewan Government and then in the Federal. Among the important positions he held with ability and distinction were the premiership of Saskatchewan, 1922-6; Minister of Railways and Canals for the Dominion in 1926-9; and Minister of Finance 1929-30 and 1935-9.

Fish AND Ships

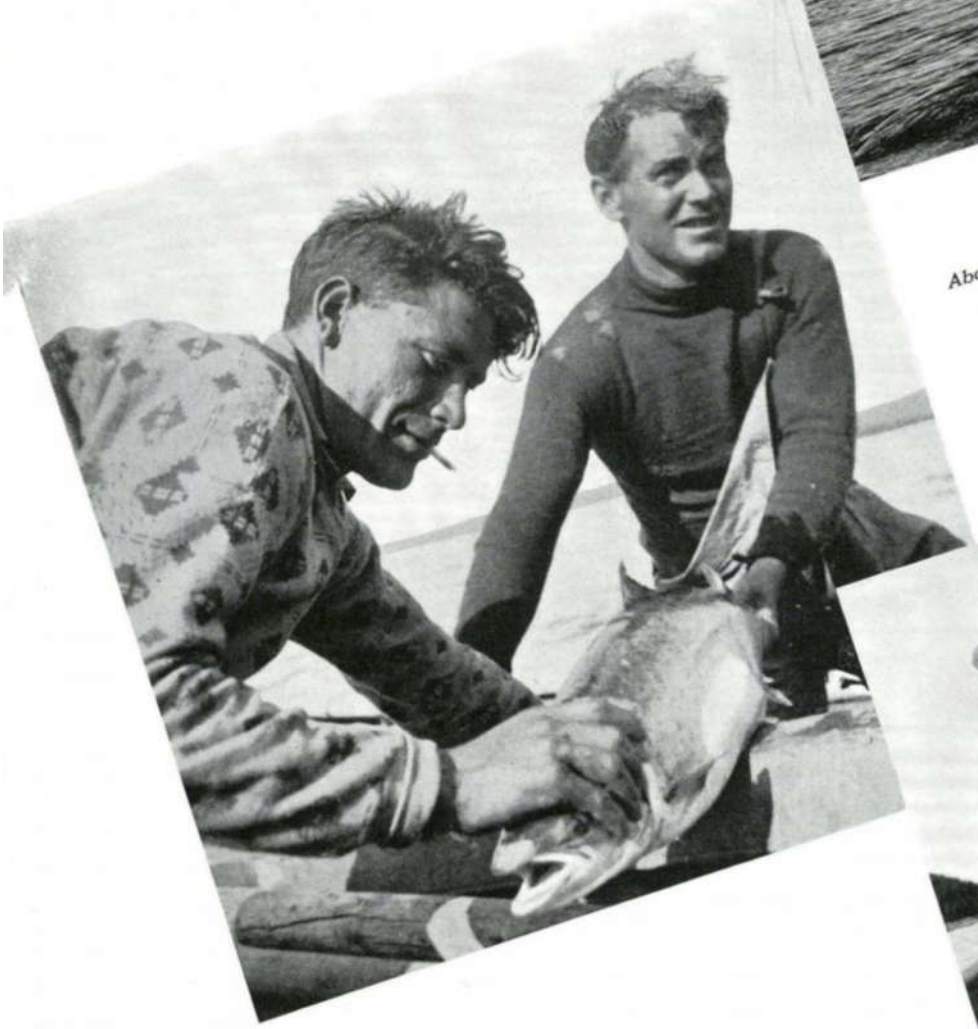
by Mary E. Williams

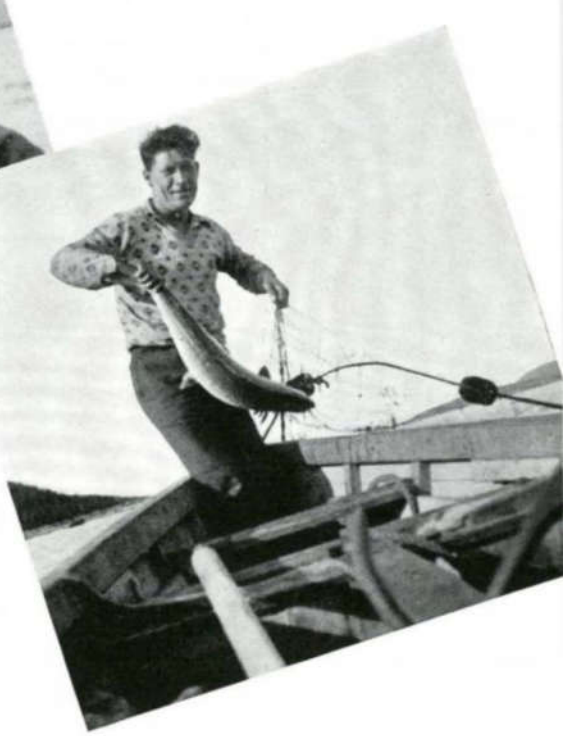


Above: Fish nets sometimes get tangled up with the icebergs. (Copyright Holloway, St. John's.)

Below: Out of the gill net into the dory.

Left: "Hold 'er, Newt!"





FRESHLY caught salmon, frozen and shipped to England: freshly picked blueberries, frozen and shipped to the States—that, in brief, sums up the activities of the three ships, *Silver City*, *Continent*, and *Seneff*, which are operated along the coasts of Newfoundland by Job Brothers, a subsidiary of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The *Silver City* is a factory ship containing a plant where foodstuffs are frozen. The *Continent* and *Seneff* are motor ships where these foodstuffs can be kept in cold storage while they are shipped for thousands of miles.

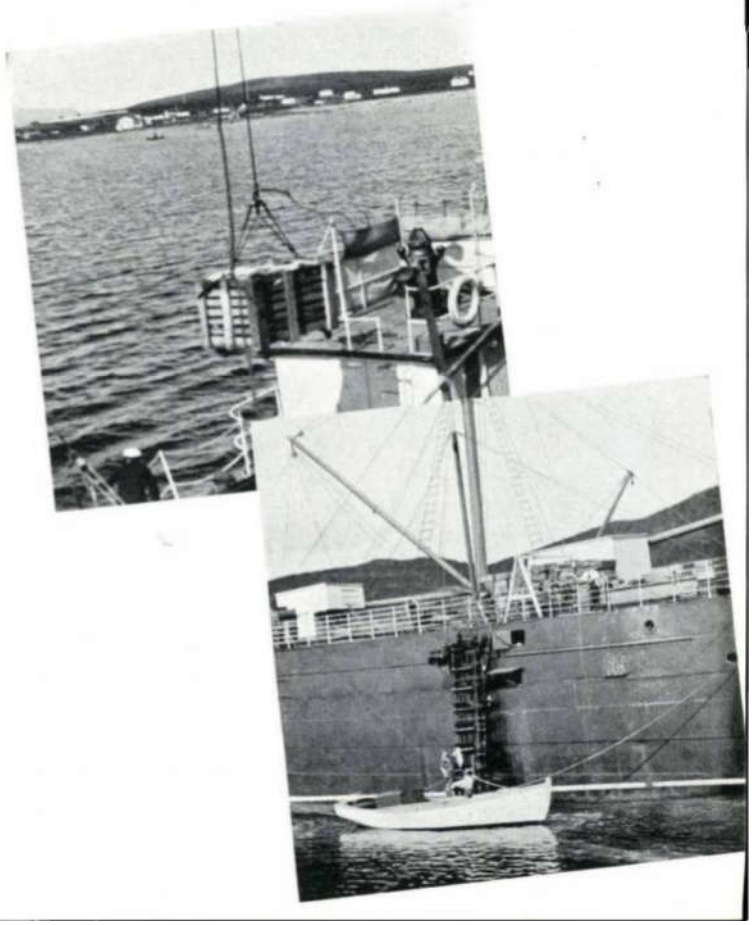
The spring's activities in the frozen fish industry begin on the south shore of Newfoundland not later than mid-May, when the ice goes out and the salmon begin to run. The extent of the catch is controlled by ice conditions, the lateness of the spring season, and the prevailing winds. When the winds are on-shore, the catch is greater.

Early morning finds the hardy Newfoundland fisherman setting forth to his gill net or trap to make the first haul for the day, and no storm but the roughest and no wind but a raging gale is allowed to interfere with this work. But if the weather is fair and the wind only a gentle on-shore breeze, then he is able to make several trips daily to his net or trap. Of course, precautions have to be taken when there is ice about, particularly icebergs, which are the bane of a fisherman's life and damage his nets or, worse still, become entangled in them and sail majestically onwards taking with them the means of the fisherman's livelihood. (On one occasion a berg was sighted with a net wrapped about one of its pinnacles, an amusing sight to the casual observer but a tragedy to some fisherman.)

From places near St. John's, at the beginning of the season, the day's spoils are rushed, packed in finely crushed ice, to the city or nearest freezer, where they are culled carefully. The good salmon are placed in cages and brine-frozen for about three hours in temperatures between 5° and 6° below zero Fahrenheit, after which they are taken out and washed in warm water, which frees them from brine and any foreign matter that may be clinging to the fish. Next they are dipped in cold water and placed in the freezer to dry off. The next stage is glazing, after which they are carefully weighed and graded as to size and weight, wrapped individually in white parchment and packed in wooden cases lined with waxed kraft paper. Each fish has its brand label, and each case its packer's slip, and these, together with the code letters which are stencilled on each case, give the clue to the pack, where and by whom packed—all of which makes for greater efficiency in the general handling of the product from the time it is caught until it is shipped to market; and also, of course, makes it possible to trace the fish right through to the consumer.

As the salmon run progresses northward up the east coast of Newfoundland, the shore freezing depots become more scattered, and it is then that the *Silver City*, with her fleet of collectors, begins to operate in earnest. From Notre Dame Bay and White Bay on the northern coasts of Newfoundland, the salmon move for about three weeks northward up the French Shore, that is, the "forefinger" of the island of Newfoundland.

Top to bottom:
Handing up salmon from a collecting boat.
Dories full of fish alongside the factory ship.
Frozen salmon for England goes on board the refrigerator ship.
The fish go up the side of the freezing-ship in a bucket conveyor.



Fishing on the French Shore begins about June 10. The headquarters are at Englee and, as soon as word is received that the ice is off and the salmon are in, the fleet of three ships leaves St. John's for Englee. Here the fast motor collectors ply rapidly to and fro between the factory ship and the fishermen's dories. The *Continent* and *Seneff* do their share by transferring the frozen salmon from the factory ship to St. John's, where it is loaded on board the Furness-Withy liners for England.

Besides the freezing plant on the *Silver City*, with her salmon crew of one hundred men, there is a small modern canning plant on the shore at Englee. Its capacity is five thousand cans a day, and the fresh salmon are immediately canned and packed, ready for market in Eastern Canada.

The run at Englee continues until well into July, but by July 1 the radiograms from the Cartwright post of the Company begin to come in, reporting every few hours on the ice conditions and the likelihood of the salmon starting to run. If the ships do not arrive at Cartwright immediately the ice goes out, the best part of the salmon will be missed. On the other hand, if ice conditions are heavy, it is useless to try to get through the floes. Therefore, as soon as the conditions begin to improve, the *Silver City*, with her refrigerated carriers and attendant collectors, push their way northward along the Labrador coast between hundreds of icebergs and through miles of loose ice. This run from the French Shore to Cartwright is full of risks and thrills and often tests the nerve of the skippers in charge, all of whom are experienced ice navigators.

Directly she arrives, the *Silver City* ties up at the wharf of the Company post. The post collecting boats bring her their loads of fresh fish twice daily, and fast vessels collect the catch from the posts at Rigolet and Northwest River in Hamilton Inlet.

With all this intense activity, the Cartwright salmon run is usually short and sweet, and operations are kept up twenty-four hours a day, the peak of the run being from about July 3 to July 12. Shortly after she arrives, the *Continent*, a little motor vessel of 468 tons gross, loads a cargo of 250 tons of frozen salmon and starts for Southampton, making the two thousand two hundred and fifty miles in nine days. Three years ago the *Lutzen*, the *Continent's* predecessor, made the voyage from Cartwright to London and back to Chicago, via St. John's—a distance of about seven thousand miles —in two months.

The late summer operations of this little fleet of three ships are devoted to supplying Newfoundland blueberries to people in the United States. When the salmon operations are over at Cartwright, about the middle of July, the fleet returns to St. John's, and after cleaning, the *Silver City* goes on to Conception Harbour or Bay Roberts, where she freezes blueberries instead of fish. Instead of a fleet of collecting vessels, there is a fleet of collecting motor trucks.

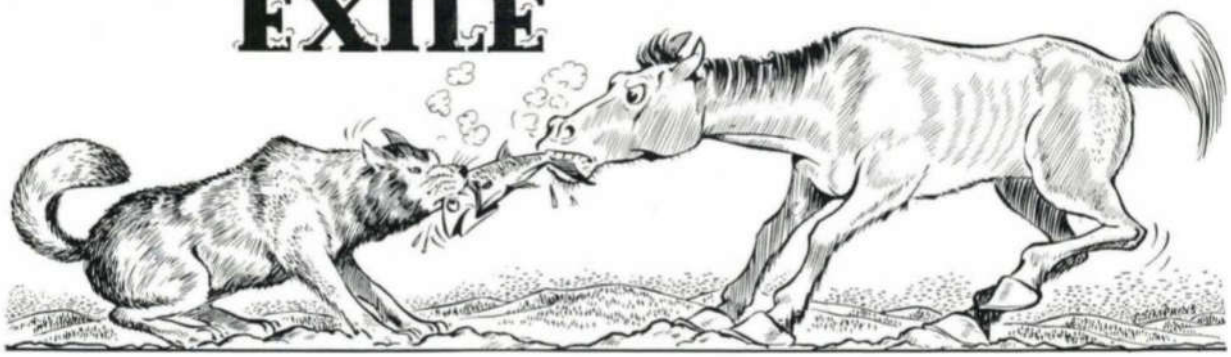
Thousands of young people in Conception Bay, Bona Vista, and Burin find employment picking the blueberries, which are collected in fifteen- and thirty-pound boxes. On delivery aboard the *Silver City*, they are carefully cleaned, weighed, and placed in the ship's freezers. The whole production, totalling between five and six million pounds a year, is taken to the United States in the two refrigerator ships, their ports of call being Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and up the Great Lakes to Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee and Chicago.

When the blueberry season is over, the smelt fishery opens in Newfoundland, especially in the north. The refrigerator ships are again employed in collecting them and carrying them to market, and, since the Newfoundland production is earlier than that of Eastern Canada, it finds a ready sale in the States.

Top: One of the refrigerator ships at London Bridge.
Bottom: The fleet at Englee, Newfoundland.
Frozen blueberries are shipped to the States.

NAPOLEON THE EXILE

by Axel Nielsen



MUTATION is the term biologists give the process whereby a living organism gradually becomes transformed, by environs, or changing circumstances; and Napoleon was a horse who turned carnivore in a manner all his own.

In the days before the Great War, freight rates in the sub-arctic regions south of Reindeer Lake ranged from one hundred and twenty-five dollars a ton to nearly two hundred dollars, depending on the mode of transportation. Such rates applied to Pelican Narrows, Saskatchewan, a Hudson's Bay post at which Napoleon finally arrived to live and die. In that region there is neither hay nor oats, but the lack of them did not deter the Indians from driving south to The Pas, following an exceptionally good fur catch, each with the avowed purpose of purchasing a horse, or "Big Dog," as the Indians call it.

Of the dozen or more ponies that started north from The Pas for Pelican Narrows, dragging oak toboggans behind them, Napoleon was the only one who lasted the winter out. Not only that; he survived many more to come, by learning to eat fish and bacon in place of oats, and conifers for hay.

His master, Cheepeeschus, paid two hundred dollars for him at The Pas. That was a pretty steep price for a sixty-five-stone animal, old, sleepy, and somewhat unwilling as a worker.

The dealer threw a bag of oats into the bargain, but the interpreter had to laugh when Cheepeeschus said:

"Big Dog too fat; work better if he don't eat much. Fish bones and bacon rinds he shall have, at every camp fire."

When the dealer heard this, he put fingers in his ears and walked away, muttering. The interpreter, however, stayed with the Indian for a while, trying to teach him the fundamentals of horse raising. But Cheepeeschus kept saying: "Wah, wah, what a big belly! It makes the Big Dog much too lazy with a belly like that. Never mind, I'll work it off."

The old Indian's twelve-year-old son, Wapus, cut a strong stick. Then Cheepeeschus tugged at the bridle out front and Wapus lay to with the stick until an elderly lady started to remonstrate with the Indians. A crowd gathered, but the Indians didn't understand any English, and so the many suggestions offered, concerning Napoleon's starting mechanism, were entirely lost.

Cheepeeschus could plainly see that a change was in order, since present efforts got them nowhere. Wapus now took the bridle, and the old Indian wielded the big stick. Napoleon pricked up his ears, heaved a great sigh, and, following the second blow, made a sudden desperate start, running Wapus down. As the reins were coiled around his legs, Cheepeeschus was dragged along in Napoleon's wake.

Someone stopped the horse, and Cheepeeschus looked ruefully at his deerskin parka where the fur had rubbed off. There was a suspicion of respect for Napoleon in the Indian's dark eyes. The boy, Wapus, limped far in the rear, patently afraid of this Big Dog of theirs.

That night, camped out in the woods, Napoleon waited around for a bucket of water. Though he whinnied softly and often, they gave him no water. The smell in his nostrils told him that these were a strange new people, so different from his former masters. But Napoleon was both resolute and resourceful. The snow was wet, and it melted in the mouth, and that's how Napoleon got his water.

To Wapus, though his fears hadn't as yet been allayed by Napoleon's docile attitude, it seemed only reasonable that the horse should be fed, like any other living thing, in spite of the big belly which his father talked so much about. Wapus stole to the sleigh, where he lifted a slab of bacon. The dogs nearly gave him away with the noise they made, until they saw that Wapus carried a whole slab of bacon, which is something that Indian dogs do not feed upon, to say the least. But when Wapus threw the bacon in front of the horse, the dogs gave chase until Napoleon, snorting at the bacon, yet desirous of maintaining possession of it, dispersed them with flying hoofs. Cheepeeschus awoke; he was very tired anyhow, and all was still once more.

Napoleon started to lick the salt crystals that stood out over the rind. As the night passed away, and the horse hungered for something to chew upon, he started to nibble at the bacon. Finally, he ate it.

Arrived at Pelican Narrows, Cheepeeschus made the boast of having travelled nearly two hundred miles

without once feeding his Big Dog. But he landed without any bacon, a mystery which the boy Wapus kept to himself, though the Indian attributed the disappearance of the bacon to the well known shrewdness, if not open theft, of the store-keeper and store-keepers generally.

Pelican Narrows traders laid wagers among themselves; the more optimistic gave Napoleon three months to live, others less than that. But Napoleon gave them all the horse laugh by learning how to eat fish as well as bacon.

From dusk to dark, as the canine population howled with the expectancy of supper so close to hand, Napoleon went foraging. Expertly picking that ecstatic interlude when the fishes fly from the musher's hand to the drooling jaw of some husky dog, Napoleon stomped into the picture. Dodging missiles, from axes to cordwood, the horse dealt with the dogs with great success. But not always, for he had to reckon with the swift hunger of a sleigh dog, who bolts his food in the twinkling of an eye.

The traders often threw Napoleon a fish or two, for to them the horse seemed nearer of kin than some Indians. Sometimes Napoleon grew desperate with hunger, when he would charge through the kennel stockades, or over, his ears flattened, forelegs tensed. At such times the husky forgot to snarl his defiance, turning tail instead and whining the news of his loss to all the village.

In the North, deep snow in the winter, floating muskegs by summer, make the average horse quite useless. But Napoleon, adaptable fellow that he was, learned to grow his toes so long that he became almost splayfooted like a caribou, and just as handy in the snow or atop the muskegs.

Time was when Napoleon was sensitive to the bit, until much yanking of reins toughened him, even to the point where he could start half a ton with the bit alone. Like a dog, he loved to follow, and to give chase, especially after caribou, who might have looked like a horse to him. He would dash over the lakes in mad pursuit, all unmindful of a persuasive club. He was so lonesome, and it was always a long, long way back to the trail, and very slow.

A host of legends have grown up concerning Napoleon. Like all legends, a kernel of truth lies beneath the husk. Sometimes, the husk of imagination makes up a good ninety percent of the whole. Be that as it may, here's a story the Indians tell about Napoleon and his master:

Whilst hauling meat out of the woods one day, blood clots trailing behind the toboggan, a wolf pack took up the scent of blood and gave chase. Cheepeeschus, finding himself without cartridges for his rifle, became terrified and took to clubbing Napoleon without mercy. Nature has endowed the creatures of this earth with a fearsome respect for the wolf pack, but Napoleon, always the exception, turned around and gave chase instead, taking toboggan and Indian, both, along with him.

Cheepeeschus was undecided whether to abandon the toboggan or to allow himself to be carried into the midst of the pack, until he chanced to remark how formidable Napoleon looked with mane standing on end, tail up, ears flat, nostrils chortling belligerently. The wolves, who had converged on them from three directions, stopped howling and seemed to hesitate.

Napoleon broke right through the rag-tag harness of moose leather, leaving Cheepeeschus astraddle the toboggan, to shout his prayers alone. The horse, freed from the cumbersome toboggan, chased the wolves, and some of these, in turn, chased the horse. But when one drew blood, Naploeon turned about so swiftly that he brought his forelegs down on the wolf, breaking its back. The rest of the pack stole away so quietly that Napoleon whinnied his loneliness, and started ambling back to the toboggan.

Meanwhile, Cheepeeschus had rolled into his blankets like a cocoon, either because he had mustered the presence of mind to take some sort of precaution against the wolves, or perhaps because he hoped to remain blinded to his own dismemberment. Napoleon started to snort when the blanket roll moved, and the Indian yelled in a muffled fashion. The horse sighed contentedly; he was no longer alone, for there lay his master, the club-man. And when Cheepeeschus finally crawled out of his cocoon, he cried:

"You! whom I have clubbed and swore at. You, oh dearest Napoleon!" The Indian, his hands trembling, repaired the harness as best he could, and he promised Napoleon the full catch of a fish net. He threw his club into the willows, and up went Napoleon's head with astonishment. Cheepeeschus petted his Big Dog fervently; but the truce was short lived, for Napoleon was quick to take advantage. The Indian cut himself a bigger, and a better club.

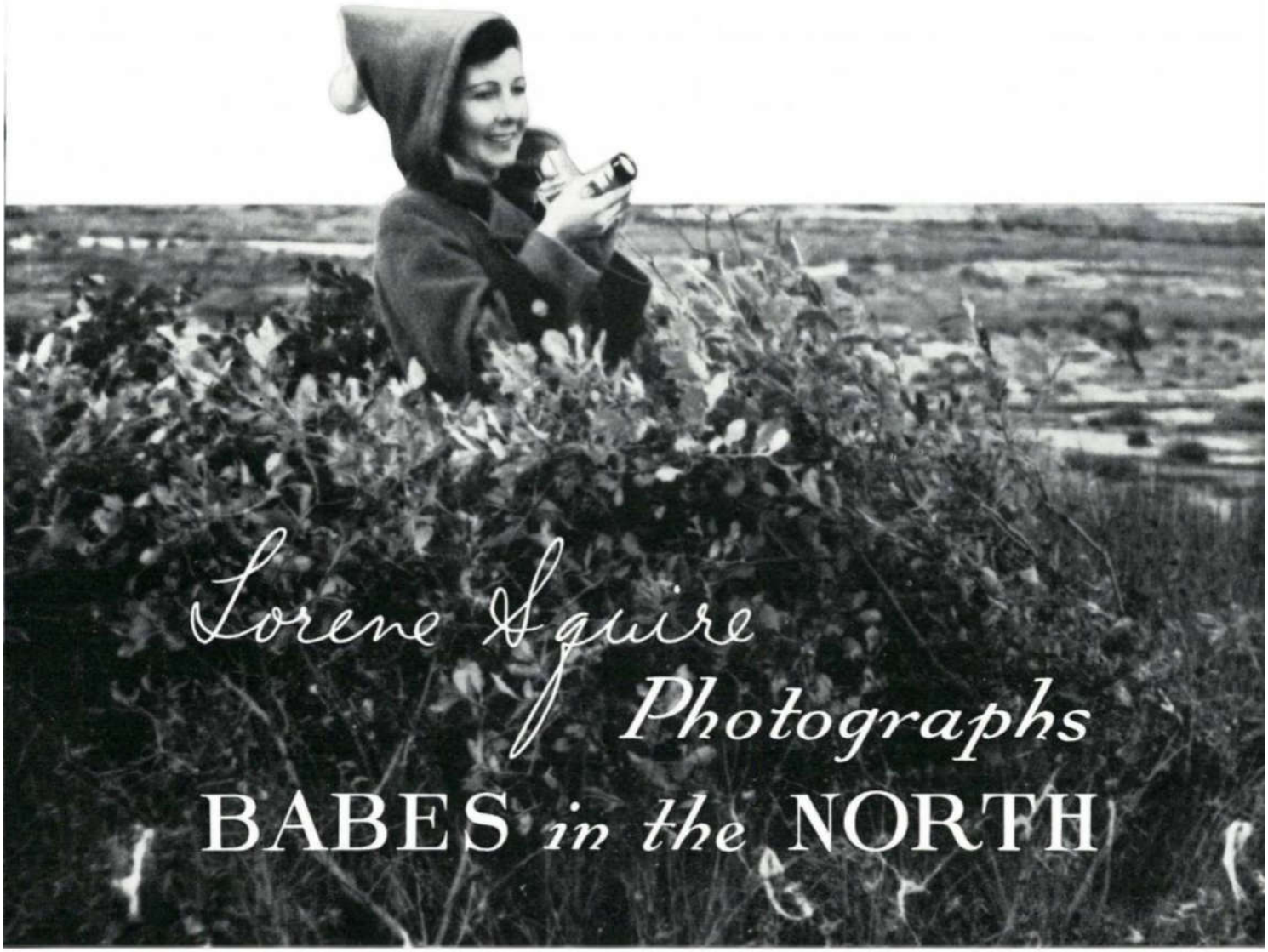
Well, that's the story. Certainly, Cheepeeschus didn't tell all of it, and where the rest of it came from . . . . . Well, somewhere north of 55°.

Perhaps the most difficult time of all was fly time. The Indians employed horse-hair in the making of moccasins, using bunched strands as a sort of foxing. At the Company store at Pelican Narrows, horse-hair was to be had in colours of the deepest dye at a dollar an ounce. Napoleon's tail, and his mane besides, came cheaper than that. And there was the added sport of pulling it out. All of which left the poor horse in sore straits at fly time. Even so, he learned to straddle conifers, and to dash through the thickets, or into the water to get rid of the flies.

The common carrier for a whole village, the butt of many a joke, feeding on pine trees and little fishes, Napoleon carried the dictum of the survival of the fittest to the nth degree. Finally, the Hudson's Bay post manager, J. R. Christie, purchased Napoleon from the Indians, and about the year 1914 the old horse was put on the retired list.

There in the shelter of the post, after so many years of short rations on a meat-and-fish diet, Napoleon met his end in a last glorious vegetarian feed. One warm August night, when the post buildings were in darkness, he broke through the fence into the garden, where he devoured just about all there was. They found him in the morning, bloated, dead.

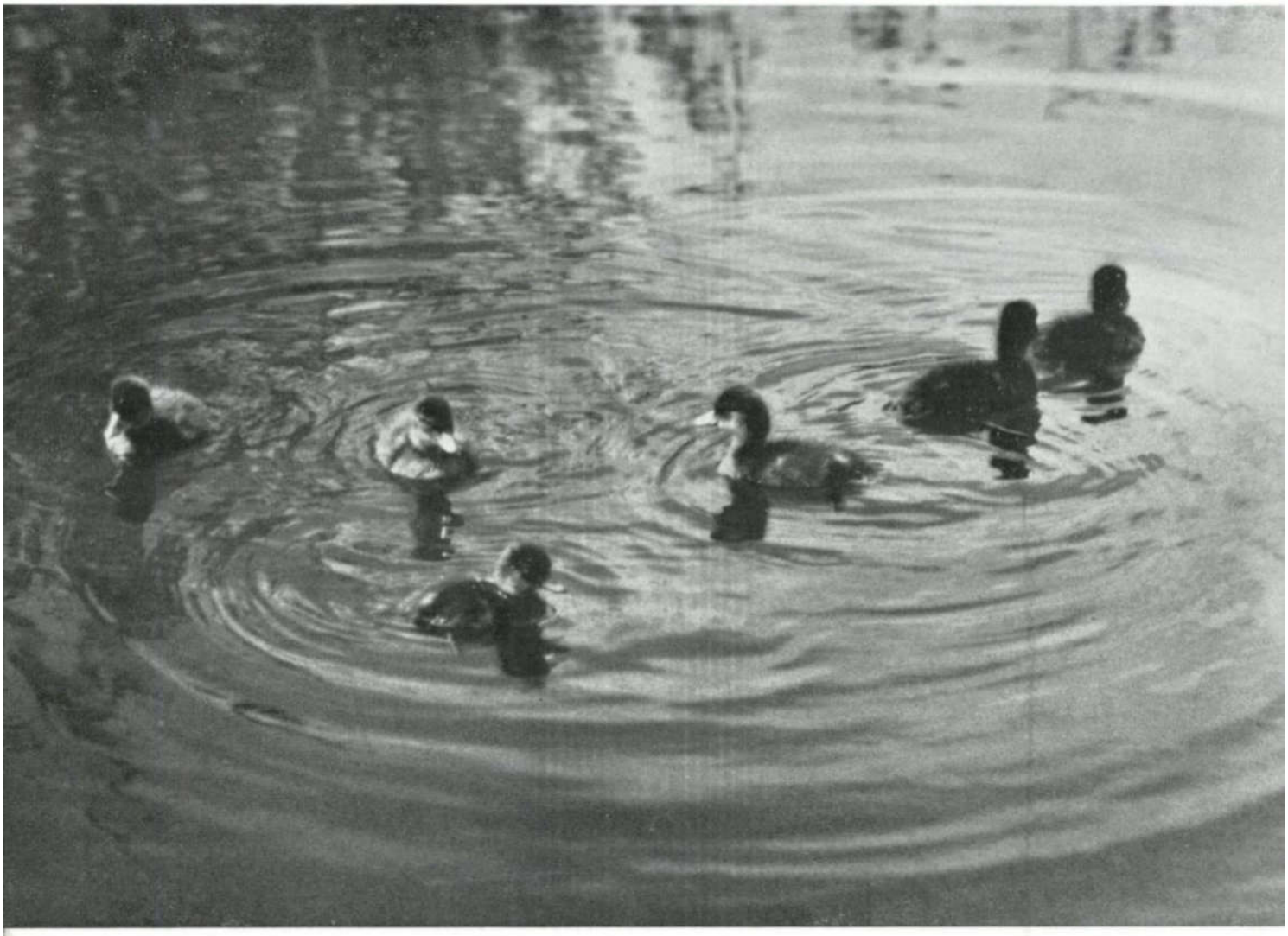
Mr. Christie hired some Indians to dig the grave. The Indians grumbled, for to them it seemed a sacrilege to bury an animal in the first place, and a waste of dog-meat to put it under the ground. But the post manager had grown fond of the old horse, and in the end the exiled Napoleon was entombed with fitting honours.



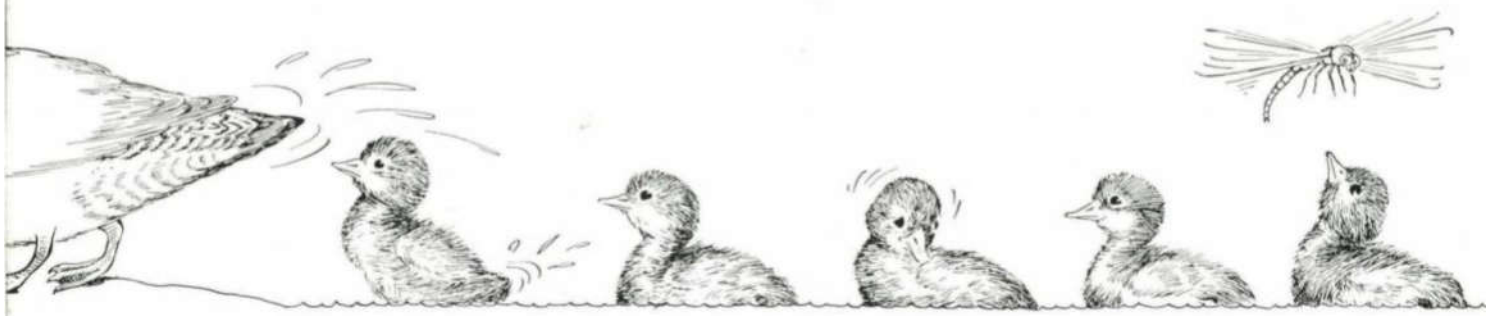
Lorene Squire Photographs
BABES *in the* NORTH

Beaver addicts will doubtless be charmed to know that the lady appearing out of the duck-blind above is Miss Lorene Squire. On closer inspection it will be seen that, like another famous woman photographer, Miss Margaret Bourke-White, she wears a Hudson's Bay "Point" Blanket parka. For the benefit of those interested in such details, we might add that, while the *Life* photographer favours a multi-stripe model (*vide Harper's Bazaar* for March 1st), Miss Squire sports a pine-green one, with a black stripe—a choice that was undoubtedly made in the interests of camouflage as well as style.

Frequently over the past two years Squire photographs have enlivened the pages of this magazine. They have included pictures of wild-fowl (her first love), Eskimos, Indians, beaver, and all the varied scenes that attend the annual cruise of the *Nascopie*. Her travels on behalf of *The Beaver* have taken her to the Western Arctic as well as the Eastern Arctic and James Bay. Now out of the large number of studies resulting from these widespread wanderings, we have selected six (or seven) which accent northern youth in various forms, and which we present herewith.

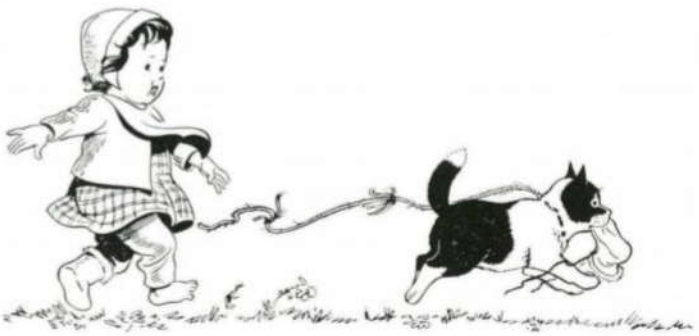


Widgeons

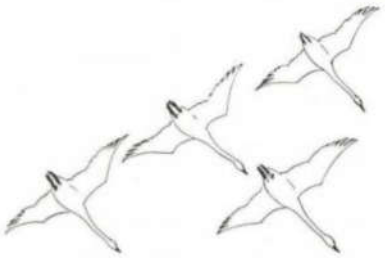


Glaucous Gull

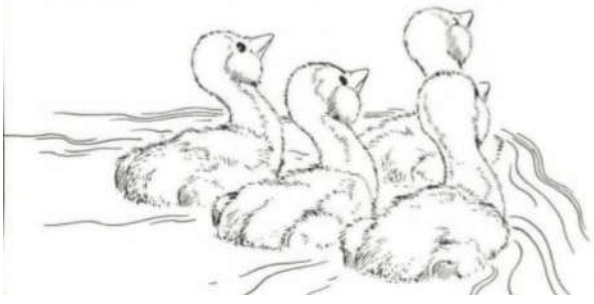
What next?



Husky pup on the *Nascopie*



Cygnets in the Midnight Sun



Hawks

Letitia Hargrave. Photos from daguerreotypes owned by Mrs. Schofield.

Letters from Letitia Hargrave

A. A. W. Ramsay

SIMON McTavish, the head of the North West Company, was a cadet of the house of McTavish of Dunardry, an ancient Argyllshire family. When he made a success in life, he wrote and loyally offered his services to his chief. This chief, Dugald McTavish, sheriff of Campbelltown, was an able lawyer, who had never ceased to pine for the lands of Dunardry, lost by his father to greedy creditors. His family pride was inordinate: Professor Aytoun, who was his close friend, teased him about it and nicknamed him "Mic-Mac-Methuselah," making him the hero of his popular song,

"Phairshon swore a feud
Wid ta Clan McTaavish."

The sheriff had a large family, so large that it is said he did not know all its members by sight, and when he saw his youngest son playing about the stables, asked who that little boy was! His younger brother, John George McTavish, was given a position with the North West Company in 1798, and after union with the Hudson's Bay Company was made Chief Factor at York Factory. Two of the sheriff's sons, Willie and Dugald, entered the service of the Company in 1833, the former going to Norway House, and the latter to Moose Factory. Willie was moved to York Factory in 1837, and there he met Chief Trader James Hargrave.

When Hargrave went home on furlough in 1838, he bore a letter of introduction to the old sheriff, and meeting his daughter, Letitia, then aged 25, he fell in love with her. He went back to York Factory alone, but next year returned to Scotland, married Letitia in January, 1840, and later that year they sailed together for Hudson Bay.

Her letters to her family at home have been preserved, and constitute a fascinating record of a time when few white women had ventured to the far north where she made her home. She was a remarkable woman, sensitive, witty, and intelligent, but with a keen eye and a sharp tongue, by no means either tender or tolerant.

Her first letters, written from London before she sailed for Canada, are interesting for their references to Governor Sir George Simpson (then Mr. Simpson), at whose house she was frequently a guest. Her picture of the great man's household is by no means flattering: he was mean about money, and his wife was afraid of him.

"I also had a talk with old Mrs. Simpson [her mother]. I thought all along that the Governor's lady had a melancholy look, and the old lady fairly let out that the said Governor is very fractious. We began by her speaking of her love for gardening and how she wished she had a little more money to beautify her little shrubbery, that for 34 years she had got all that her husband had got to give, and he never would look at a single account of her outlay nor ever been other than satisfied with her efforts to economize, while Frances never dared miss sixpence or there was a rumpus. She must not attempt to advise in any one way or speak in support of what he does not think fit to do or hear. I observed all this but thought it was simplicity. For one thing she sat with the tea-tray on Sunday evening, she asked if she should ring and have it taken away. Although he was done he said nothing, and there it remained for long, and two or three matters of the same kind. If she speaks at all in opposition to him, he bids her hold her tongue as she knows nothing about it. Her mother said she told her if she would exert herself and have a little mind of her own the Governor would be a better husband and she a much more useful wife. But she says she would rather submit than run the risk of an argument. I don't mean that he is bad or cross to her, but he treats her and the little girl exactly alike. He says it is the arbitrary habits he acquired in the North. Mrs. George told Hargrave (but it was strictly confidential and must not be known) that he contemplates leaving Britain next spring, crossing the Rocky Mountains, pressing up to the Russian Settlement, and so home by Siberia, making the circuit of the globe. Mr. H. did not think her very wrong for telling her husband's secret plans, so I suppose there is not more harm in my telling you tho' it is not very safe as his business is of a nature requiring secrecy. His eyes don't look bad but when he signs his name he has to turn them away from the paper." (14th May, 1840.)

Mrs. Simpson treated Letitia with great kindness. The girl was ill, and was already expecting her first child, and she appears to have gone to the Governor's lady for advice and assistance in most of her difficulties.

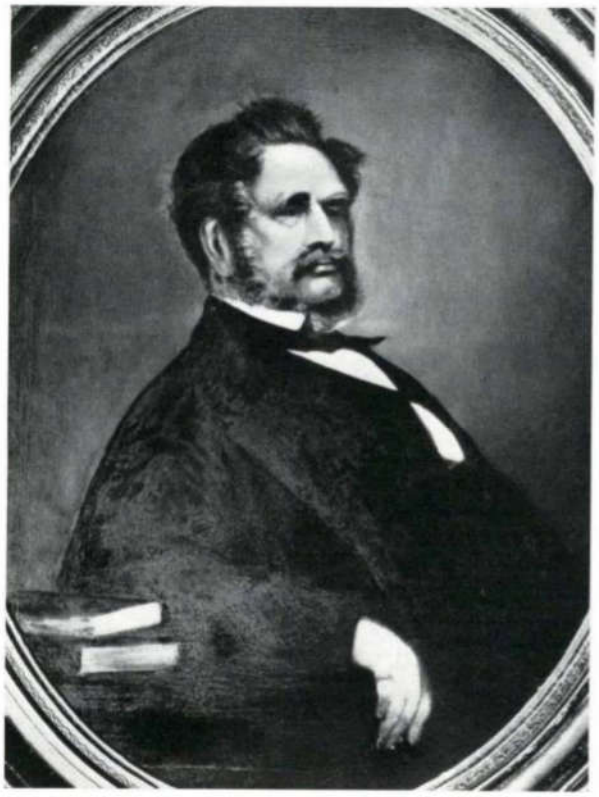
"Mrs. Simpson is kinder than ever. She gave me a sketch of a visit she paid at Lord Selkirk's. The young ladies keep her in misery, they look so contemptuously at her and the Lord and the Dowager's kindness is quite lost on her in consequence. . . She refused to go to the Selkirk's as she had no decent shawl, so the Governor presented her with one, 3 pounds, so she was astonished, having hard work to get gowns from him. She asks for every article, and thought 8/6 a heavy sum for wee Fanny's bonnet but could get none cheaper." (25th May, 1840.)

On another occasion "She (Mrs. Simpson) told me she cannot get her husband to say Grace, and that having a party with the Hamiltons and Lauries she told him, as she had been disappointed in getting a clergyman, that the Hamiltons etc., were people who would be miserable at getting no Grace. He promised if he could remember one. So she desired her brother-in-law, who sat next him, to remind him. He did so and the Governor in despair exclaimed "Lord have mercy on what is now before us," and looked quite satisfied, while she was in misery and did not recover self-possession all night after." (3rd June, 1840.)

The gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company had in many instances "married" Indian women, and many of them (including Letitia's uncle, John George McTavish) had numerous half-breed children. It is clear from Letitia's letters that the Governor himself was no exception to this rule.

"I wish you had heard Mrs. Simpson's account of Mrs. John George McTavish's introduction to her eldest daughter, a girl of 13. [John George McTavish had recently married an English lady.] As soon as they arrived at Montreal Uncle told her. Mrs. S. says she had evidently suffered but said nothing till one day after dinner at Lachine with all the gentlemen sitting and Mrs. Simpson and herself the only ladies . . . Taylor . . . threw open the door with a flourish and announced "Miss McTavish." Uncle rose and took her up to his wife, who got stupid but shook hands with the Miss, who was very pretty and mighty impudent. Her father then proceeded to caress and make much of her. Mrs. M. got white and red and then rose and left the room, all the party looking very uncomfortable except Uncle and the girl. Mrs. S. followed and found her in a violent fit of crying. . . . When they parted at Moose Mrs. M. had no idea she was to have at least 2 of a different family. . . . [The mother] was a complete savage with a coarse blue sort of woollen gown without shape and a blanket fastened round her neck. It was she who lost all her family and her husband when the Governor's son-in-law upset the canoe. Mrs. Simpson asked Hargrave the particulars of that story while her husband was present. He looked very melancholy. She has evidently no idea that she has more encumbrances than Mrs. McTavish altho' she did say she was always terrified to look about her in case of seeing something disagreeable."

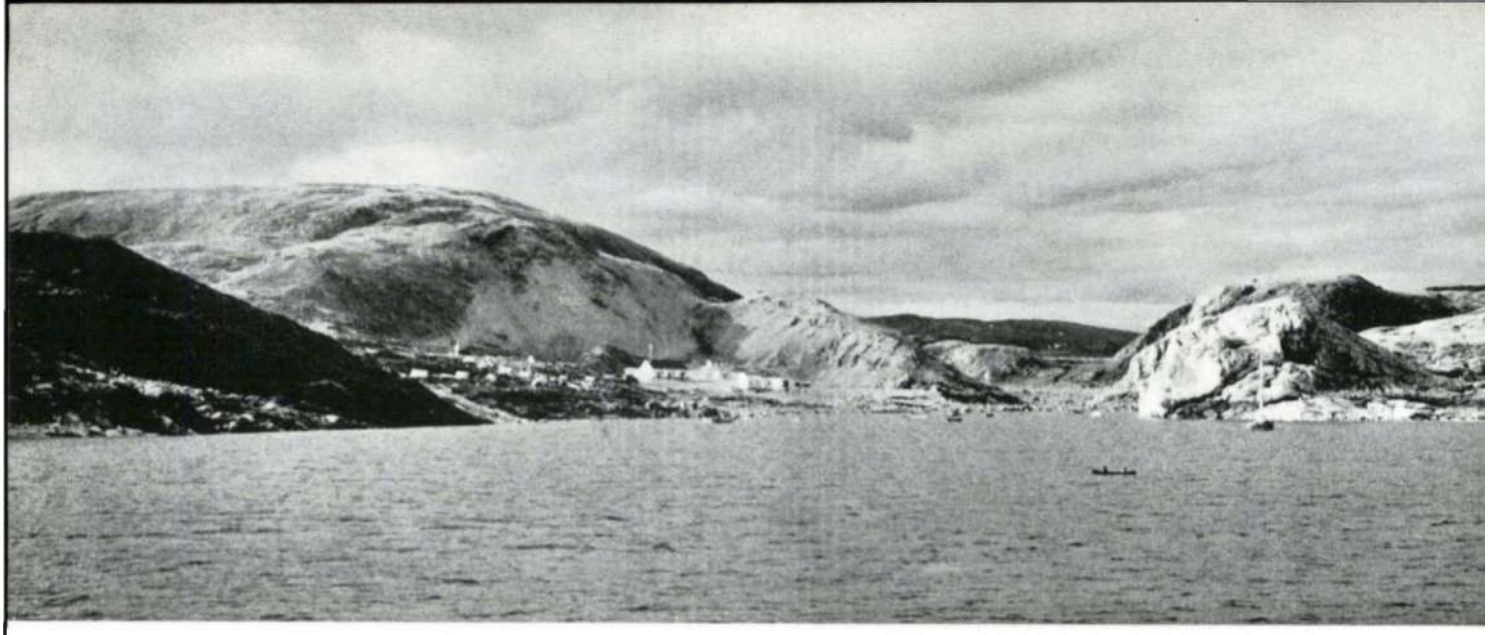
James Hargrave of York Factory.



After some weeks in London, Letitia and her husband sailed for the North. The voyage out lasted for four weeks, and was sufficiently unpleasant. The four ladies on board slept in bunks which opened directly on the cabin where the officers' mess was held. They were shut off by sliding doors. "I never shut my door," Letitia remarked, "but draw the little white curtain and take things coolly. The other ladies will be suffocated as they are rather fastidious." Further north, the cold became intense; one could not sleep for the noise of the ice creaking and grumbling outside. There was a cargo of gunpowder on board, and one of the ladies had a morbid terror of its exploding, and threatened hysterics at the suggestion of lighting a fire. So they sat shivering in fur cloaks and hoods. The floor was washed out twice a week, and as it was too cold ever to dry properly, Letitia's feet became a mass of raw chilblains. She was sick all the way, and when they arrived had to be lifted into the boat to go ashore, when, "My first exploit was to turn my back on the company and cry myself sick."

Thereafter she was only able to write to her family once or twice in a year. The only direct contact with home was by means of the ship which came in August, but occasionally it was possible to send a letter by dog-teams which set off overland to Canada. It was warm enough, however, in the factory, where immense stoves kept the temperature above seventy degrees; and food too was plentiful. A meal served for the four ladies only, consisted of roast venison, three geese, four ducks, six plovers, a large ham, potatoes, and boiled lettuce. Flour, peas, oatmeal, pork, and game were supplied by the Company, but tea, sugar, and butter had to be bought by the employees out of their wages. The want of green food was the most serious trouble. Letitia grew cress in boxes in the house, and sowed some mignonette seed, but only a fine crop of chickweed came up. "It flowered and looked green, and that in itself was something," wrote the girl from the green glens of Argyll.

The second and concluding instalment of these letters will be published in the September issue of The Beaver. *It concerns life at York Factory, comments on the missionaries there, and the news of the strange death of Thomas Simpson.*



Lake Harbour, Baffin Island, the second of the Eastern Arct

FORTY YEARS on the FUR TRAIL

by Frank Ryan

The Last Fur Trade Commissioner Retires from the Company's Service.

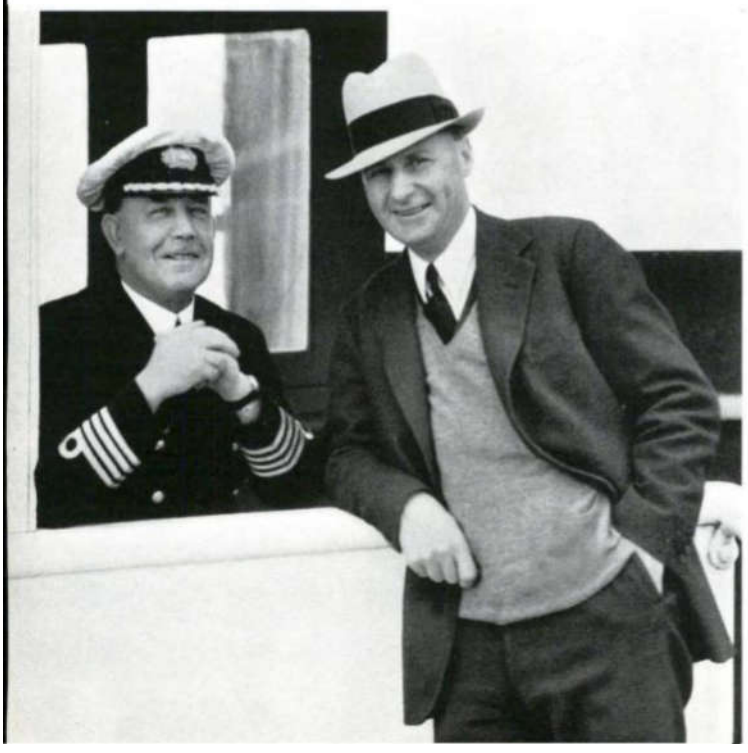
A SHIP has come in for Ralph Parsons. She is the *Amadjuak* of the H B C Atlantic coast service, and she is the gift of the Governor, the London Committee and the Canadian Committee to the retiring Fur Trade Commissioner. No other gift could suggest so fittingly the honour the Company thus pays to the man who, in forty years of adventure and achievement, has established twenty-eight new H B C posts, and seen the completion, for commercial purposes, of the long-dreamed-of Northwest Passage.

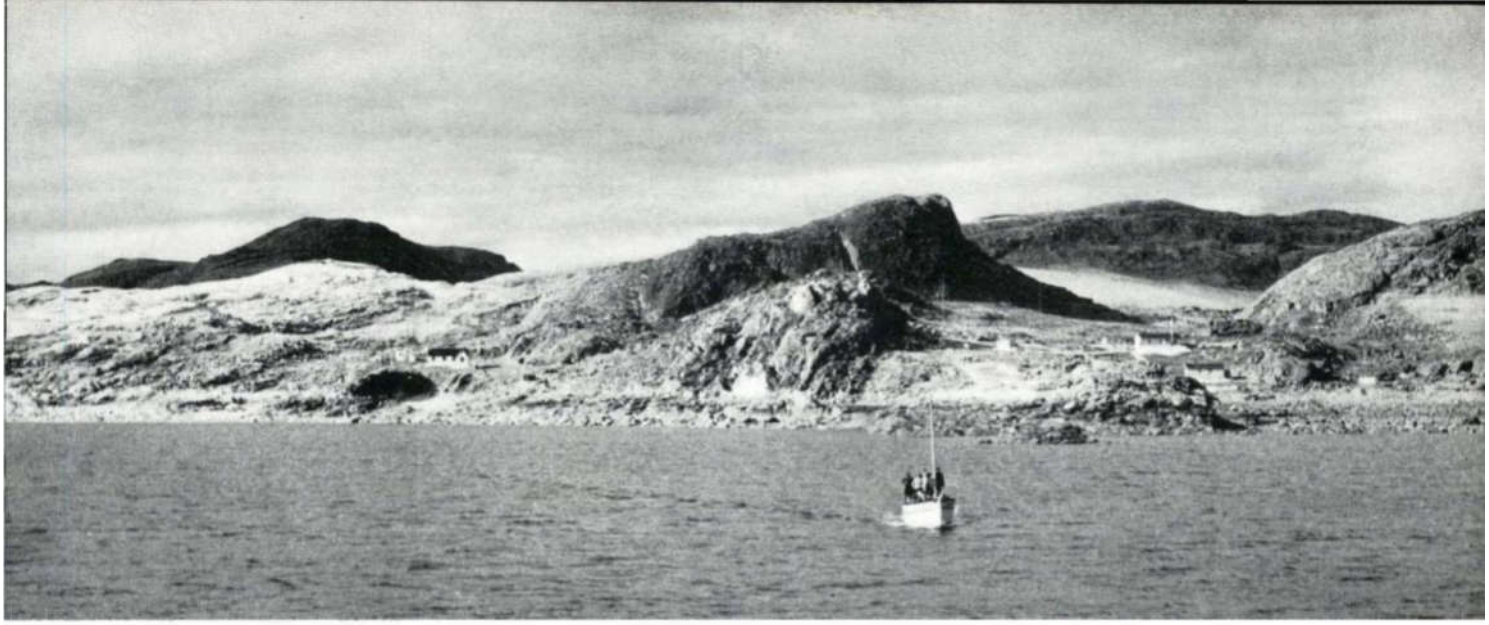
The men who have worked with Ralph Parsons realize that retirement could never mean for him the slippered ease of the fireside nor the garrulous tales of reminiscence. That is why they decided to make this unusual tribute in the form of the sturdy ship with which he can seek new adventure, new horizons. Ralph Parsons knows full well the stout heart in this little *Amadjuak*. More than once he has been aboard when she breasted the buffeting waves into the quiet shelter of some uncharted cove along the Labrador coast.

Ralph Parsons will use his leisure to do such things, for he is of that breed of men who love ships and the sea. He came, a lad of eighteen, from Bay Roberts, Newfoundland—from those deep, rock-bound coves that develop strength and skill in seamanship. The young apprentice on his first task was sent to the Labrador District in August, 1900. These were the days of the chief factor regime, of arduous trips without communication, without sail or power boat or aeroplane. They were the days, too, when the young apprentice dreamed of fur trade regions beyond the known shores and gulfs, and of taking ships through the Northwest Passage. He refused to accept the Company's traditional custom of ignoring the Hudson Strait area. If there were rich furs in adjacent regions there must be furs all along that southern shore of Hudson Strait and northeastern coast of Hudson Bay. Trappers hinted at great empires untouched by the Company's fur traders, and Ralph Parsons wanted to tap these resources—to gather wealth wherever it was, even in the shadow of the North Pole.

He had been in the service just nine years when he established the first new post in the new districts. It was Wolstenholme, a rocky wind-swept cape where Northern Quebec swings down to Hudson Bay. Henry Hudson named the whole cape "Wolstenholme" after

Captain Smellie and Mr. Parsons on the Nascopie.





osts, which was established by Mr. Parsons in 1911. *Max Sauer, Jr.*

one of his backers, and called the cove where the Company's post now stands, "Eric Cove." This was one of the sheltered spots where Hudson put in for fresh water. Hunting knives, manufactured in England and carrying the Wolstenholm trade-mark, are still used by the Company in this area in trade with the natives.

Ralph Parsons almost gave his life in this adventure. On the way west along the rugged shores of Hudson Strait, his party got into difficulties. There were no engine-driven boats in the fur trade in that part of the country. A fierce storm so battered up their flimsy little sailboat that it finally went to pieces, carrying with it practically all their meagre stock of supplies. There was nothing for it but to attempt to walk the remaining fifty miles overland. Fifty miles under ordinary circumstances would have been nothing unusual, but along that rough, ripped-up northern coastline, hundreds of inlets two thousand feet deep pierce the coast like jagged needles—some of them going inland twenty miles. There is no way to cross them. R. P. and the two Eskimo boys with him were faced with the discouraging task of threading their way inland around the tips of these, time after time, and then working their way back to the coast to get their bearings. They had no compass, and the only way they could plot their course was by two islands off the coast which they thought were Nottingham and Salisbury. It was the roughest country R. P. has ever crossed. In a short time the jagged edges of the rocks had completely cut away their sealskin boots. They tore off bits of their clothes and bound them around their feet, until finally they were reduced to bare feet on the flint-like stones.

At the end of the third day they were quite certain they were lost beyond any hope of discovery. Apparently there was not an Eskimo in the country, much less a white man. But that bulldog determination which was so often in later years to carry Ralph Parsons through in face of almost insuperable obstacles, was to carry him on now. The two Eskimos gave up hope of ever getting through. They had nothing on their feet, practically no clothes, no guns, no food; but R. P. kept them moving. On the fourth day he staggered into a quiet little cove. His heart nearly stopped beating, for there was the lumber pile left there by a previous ship for building the post. Four days and four nights—they are still as vivid in his memory as they were that August thirty years ago.

After the establishment of Wolstenholme, R. P. chose Lake Harbour for another advance post of the Company, and then, in 1913, Cape Dorset. The next year Stupart's Bay and Frobisher Bay marked the northward march of the old Company, and the Eskimos on Baffin Island were beginning to call R. P. "the white man who does all the thinking" and the "King of Baffin Land."

When he heard, in 1915, that Canada was at war, his first thought was that the Company's supply ship might not be able to get through to the posts, so someone must get out. One of the H B C motor vessels, the *Daryl*, was beached for the winter in its rough dry-dock. Usually about July she slipped into the water for hard, inter-post work, but at present she was far from open water and, if she were to get out and return with supplies, she would have to start long before July. The ship had been beached high above the water level and was now thirty feet above the ice. A heavy sled was constructed on the surface of the ice, and a series of cribs built by which the *Daryl* might be eased down to it. Great was the relief when her bow finally rested on the sled, but the relief was short-lived. As the great weight pressed on the weakening ice, it begin to belly, and quickly R. P. saw that if she sank here she would be held up indefinitely. The ship would have to be moved by men and dogs. There were fifty of each available. Quickly he assembled both. The dogs were hitched in front, the men and women pushed from the back. Grudgingly the *Daryl* moved, and slowly, by pushing and pulling, she was eased onto firmer ice. Then started the long tough trip, fifteen miles over ice to open water. Cheers from the men mingled with howls of the dogs as she finally crashed through the ice near the water's edge, and was safely launched.

The voyage from Lake Harbour to Dorset began on May 24, 1915. The fourth day out en route to Dorset from Lake Harbour, the *Daryl* encountered heavy running ice, which badly damaged her keel, rudder, propeller and sternpost. The crew just managed to keep her afloat by the use of pumps and bailing with pails until she was beached on the barricade ice. Everything was lost if the *Daryl* sank and no supply ship came. There were few tools for a job of this kind, and few men capable of doing such work. But R. P. sent one of his men hurrying to the post about five miles away to get all available tools. When the tide went out,

exposing her hull, it was found that the keel had been half ripped away. R. P. and the men worked with feverish energy to repair the damage caused by the treacherous ice shelf, and with wood handsaws finally succeeded in sawing the iron keel from the ship. At low tide they worked day and night, sawing through the inch-thick bolts that fastened the keel to the keelson. The teeth were worn from every handsaw in the place, but finally the *Daryl* was free from the half-ripped-off keel, and ready for repair. Again there were no materials for a shipyard, but oddments were pressed into service, and the ship, in this patched-up fashion, slipped off to complete the whole Eastern Arctic trip and out to Port Burwell. She was a stout hearted ship, that *Daryl*.

R. P. is not the man who could assign such a ship to the graveyard. She had been through too much with him. Now the *Daryl* has a pleasant berth at Port Harrison and, her sailing days over, she holds in her cabin a collection of northern treasures—the Port Harrison Museum.

After the adventurous 1915 voyage in the *Daryl*, R. P. was finally picked up by a patrol from Newfoundland and at last reached St. John's. Here he tried to enlist, but owing to an accident suffered up North he was found ineligible for war service. He returned to the North the following year, carried on in the new fur empire during the war, and some of the most famous stories told about him have their origin in those days when he was trying to do the almost impossible. One of them is that record-breaking trip for a man and dog team from Cape Dorset to Lake Harbour, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, which he covered in two sleeps—a record never heard of before and never equalled since.

It was in 1917 that he was made inspector of the Labrador District, and shortly afterwards he was appointed to the charge of the combined district of Hudson Strait, Labrador and St. Lawrence. The Armistice was scarcely signed when Coat's Island was added to the H B C posts, and in the next few years six other posts were established.

The last Fur Trade Commissioner and the first Company 'plane.

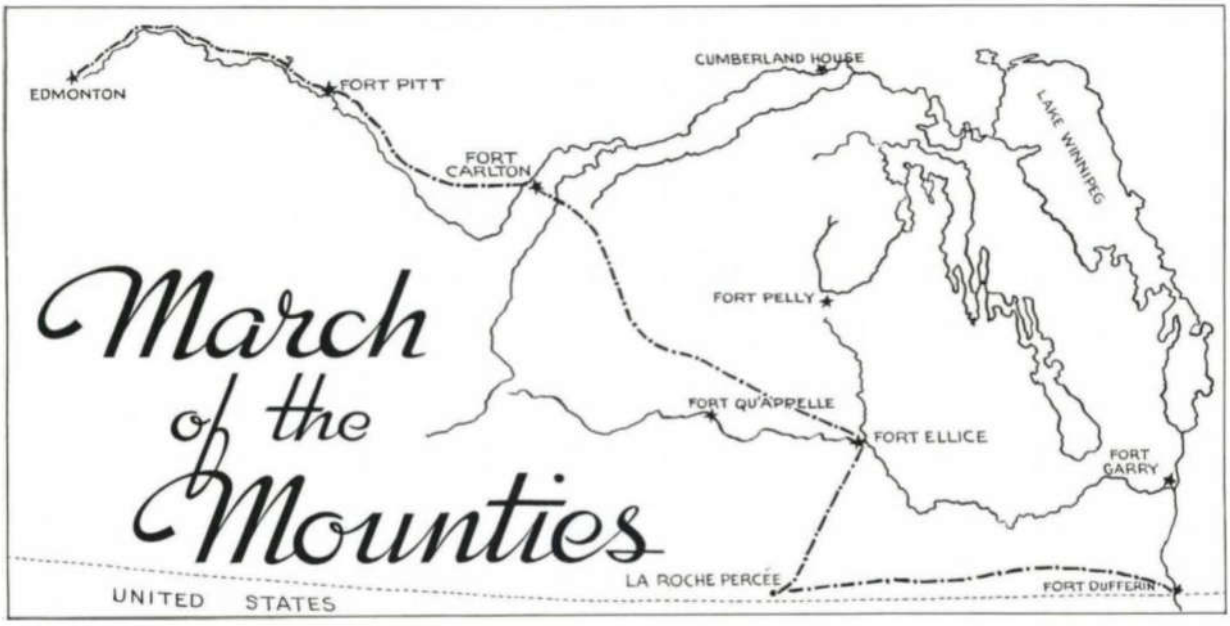
Ralph Parsons on the old Fort Amadjuak.

When the H B C flag was run up at Fort Ross in 1937, the Northwest Passage became a commercial reality. The *Nascopie*, from the Atlantic, and the *Aklavik*, from the Mackenzie River, met in Bellot Strait and transhipped furs for supplies.

These achievements demanded courage, endurance and discipline. The men of the H B C posts were representatives of a great company and R. P. never let them forget that. He was stern in his discipline, almost tyrannical in his wrath, and permitted no compromise when the honour or welfare of the Company were involved. There were some who resisted his decisions, who resented his discipline, but none questioned his courage and sincerity. A man who wrote strict rules for Sunday observance at the posts did not win the love of everyone, but he won their respect.

In 1930, after extending the Company's fur trade to the remotest north, after being first a post manager in the field, a manager of the original Strait District with headquarters at Lake Harbour, and then district manager for all the Eastern and Eastern Arctic districts of the Company, Ralph Parsons was called upon to shoulder the responsibilities of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office. It was a fateful hour, for the depression of 1929 had wrought havoc in the Fur Trade as in so many other lines of commercial endeavour. With markets demoralized and values at a fraction of their former levels, the purchasing power of the Company's many customers throughout the Fur Trade was drastically reduced. Nothing but stern measures of retrenchment and comprehensive overhaul of the entire Fur Trade Department would suffice to restore its fortunes. But Ralph Parsons put his usual tireless energy into the scale, his message went out to the remotest post—the call to action and the call for restoration. Now that he was Fur Trade Commissioner it was not only into the north that he travelled but east and west throughout the length and breadth of the Company's fur trade domain, not to mention several trips to Hudson's Bay House, London. Thus were the fortunes of the Fur Trade restored, and in so doing, Ralph Parsons accomplished a very fitting climax to an outstanding career of achievement; a record which will earn him a place with the historic figures of the Fur Trade.

His successor, when he is appointed, will be known as Manager, Fur Trade Department. Perhaps no greater tribute could be paid him than that with his retirement the title of Fur Trade Commissioner should cease to exist.



March of the Mounties

by R. C. Fetherstonhaugh, author of The Royal Canadian Mounted Police

TO the desks of most historians there come in the course of time unpublished writings that curiously quicken the pulse and stir the imagination. Such a record came to my desk a short time ago—a note book, bearing on its well-worn cover the words: "Sévère Gagnon, Sub-Inspector, North-West Mounted Police, Notes de Voyage, 1874." It proved to be a journal of the famous first march of the Force into the western prairies.*

I did not "find" this book; it was lent to me by the writer's son, Superintendent H. A. R. Gagnon, now commanding "C" Division, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Montreal. To understand why the casual *Notes de Voyage* of a young officer of the Mounted Police in 1874 proved absorbing, the reader need only recall the state of Western Canada at that time.

The Dominion had purchased Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company four years previously, but the prairie to the west of Fort Garry was still in essentials the "Great Lone Land" of Lieutenant Butler's famous report. Forts of the H B C stood on the Saskatchewan River and were scattered elsewhere, but the intervening territories were little known and the prairie empire, sweeping from the Souris River crossings through the Cypress Hills to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, was devoid of settlement or permanent habitations. In the eastern part, bands of Sioux, Crees, and Assiniboines roved the country; and in the west, where the warlike Bloods and Blackfeet held sway and the territory had been invaded by lawless hunters and whisky traders from Dakota and Montana, conditions were deplorable.

Paraphrasing Butler, the late Sir Cecil Denny in *The Law Marches West* has confirmed the picture the British officer painted of this period, when the shadowy but singularly effective rule of the H B C had been suspended by the Deed of Surrender and the authority of the Dominion Government had not yet been established. "Violence was in the saddle over Canada's West," Sir Cecil wrote, "battle, murder, and sudden death . . . from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains . . . There was no law. . . . True, at one of the few tiny isolated settlements centred about his trading post on some northern lake or river, a Hudson's Bay Company officer might occasionally hold the semblance of a court. He represented such authority as the country possessed," but "in the great treeless region drained by the Bow, Belly, and South Saskatchewan Rivers were neither trading posts or settlements." Moreover the Indians were hostile.

In outline, the story of the march into this country in 1874 by the newly formed North-West Mounted Police is well known. But Sévère Gagnon's *Notes de Voyage* give some details that are new. He was an officer of "A" Division, which, as those who are familiar with the history of the Mounted Police will recall, broke off from the main body of the Force at Roche Percée and accomplished the march of nine hundred miles to Edmonton. In the archives of the Mounted Police and in a few libraries, Inspector W. D. Jarvis's report on this expedition is on file. A fine account of the journey also appears in the late Major-General S. B. Steele's *Forty Years in Canada*. Recent accounts of the march are based almost entirely upon these records, and in many ways no finer source material could be found. But the fact that Jarvis's report was "official," with all the reticences that term implies, while Steele's memoir of his service as Troop Sergeant-Major was written many years afterwards, lends significance to a private record written at the time.

Sub-Inspector Gagnon's *Notes de Voyage* open on July 8, 1874, with the brief entry, "We leave camp at Dufferin [now Emerson] at 3.30 p.m. and start our march across the prairies." As any reader might surmise from the hour of departure given, this was only a march-out, or, as it was then known, a "Hudson's Bay start," designed to test horses, oxen, harness, and wagon loads before the real march began. Next day the

*The notes were written in French. All passages quoted in this article are in free translation. Sub-Inspector (later Superintendent) Gagnon served in the Mounted Police for 27 years. He died in March 1909.

convoy marched in earnest and promptly suffered a foretaste of hardships to come. "Camp at the Scratching River," the Gagnon diary noted, "Water bad and smelly. Luckily we got some, also some milk, from two Scotch settlers living nearby."

The Scots thus solved the immediate problem, but two days later when the convoy passed Pembina River Depot, "the last human habitation on our route," help from friendly settlers could no longer be expected. The length and precise direction of each day's march thereafter was accordingly governed inexorably by the necessity of finding water before night.

As his notes were written for his own satisfaction, Sub-Inspector Gagnon found no need to emphasize this point. But the Parade State entered in his diary on July 12, showing that the column comprised more than two hundred and sixty men, three hundred horses, and two hundred oxen, cows, and calves, reveals why water in adequate supply was essential.

Gagnon wasted no words in describing in his journal the sight this strange convoy presented. It was so familiar to him that description was not required. But, when reporting to Ottawa at a later date, his Commanding Officer supplied some details. "The column of route," wrote Commissioner French, "presented a very fine appearance. Our train was, I suppose, the largest ever seen in these parts; closed to a proper interval, it was a mile and a half long, but from advance to rearguard it was more nearly from four to five miles, owing to the uneven rate of travel of horses and oxen, and the breaking of wheels and axles of that imposition of the country, the Red River cart."

When the trek began, the Commissioner's plan was to march the whole force westward across the prairies to the junction of the Bow and Belly Rivers in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Thence, part of the Force, including the agricultural train, would swing to the north to establish a Mounted Police post near the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Fort Edmonton. As the convoy plodded in midsummer heat across the parching prairies, however, it was borne in upon the troops that this ambitious plan was almost certainly more than the weakened horses, oxen, and cattle could accomplish. In mid-July entries in Gagnon's diary reveal the difficulties. "The horses are very tired and lean. . . . We are only 175 miles out from Dufferin and already some of them are used up. Two died today and many are facing the same fate."

Foreshadowed by many notes of the same nature, a change of plan was announced on July 24, when the convoy was resting at Roche Percée. "Important news!" the Sub-Inspector wrote, "My division is to change its route. We are to take most of the heavy train and all the stock cattle for the farms and follow the northern route to Edmonton. . . . We could no longer hope to reach Bow River and continue on to Edmonton before winter sets in."

So five divisions of the North-West Mounted Police continued the march through the Great Lone Land to the west and "A" Division veered northward to the Edmonton trail, which, though travelled more often and shorter than the route originally planned by many miles, was not without difficulties and dangers.

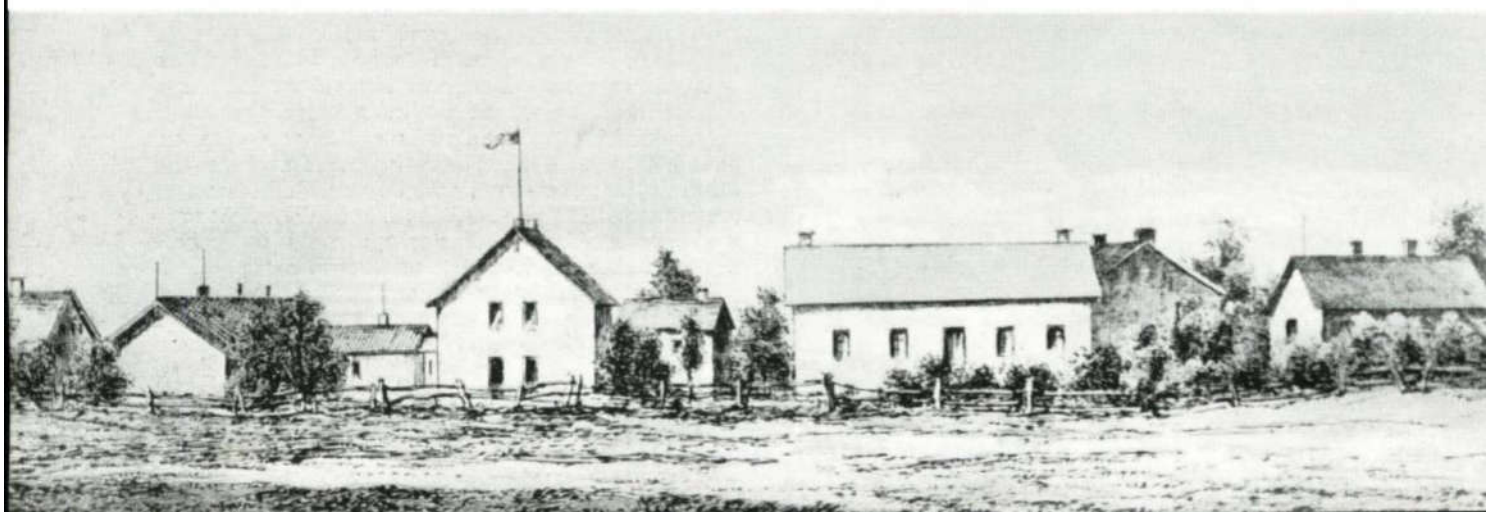
Writing on Saturday, August 1, when the march of "A" Division started, Gagnon noted that the train was now composed of two officers, with two more attached, twenty-seven constables, fourteen Métis wagon-men, sixty horses, sixty-three draft oxen, sixty-three bulls and cows, forty-five calves, and eighty-three wagons and ox-carts. The horses, he wrote with foreboding, "are nearly all sick, or the cast-offs of the other divisions. Our comrades laughed when they saw the skeletons and the animal zoo we have in charge."

Three days out from Roche Percée, officers of the convoy sounded an alarm when a party of Sioux was sighted on the right. "We double the guard and warn our men to keep their rifles at hand," the diary entry runs. But the precaution was needless, or had its effect, as there is no further mention of Indians until "A" Division, some ten days later, is enjoying shelter at the Hudson's Bay post at Fort Ellice. At this time, far to the westward on the prairies, the main body of the Force met its first Indians, a verminous and dejected band of Sioux. The Fort Ellice Indians were apparently more attractive. "Some of the girls," the young police officer confided to his diary, "are quite good looking. They are all painted with red on their cheeks and the men have painted heads. They are a happy lot and seem sociable."

At Fort Ellice, which "is composed of the Hudson's Bay Company's buildings and a few wigwams of Sioux, Saulteaux, and Crees," "A" Division left Sub-Inspector Shurtliff, seven constables, half its horses, and much of its agricultural train. Simultaneously, through the good offices of the H B C, it increased the total of its draft oxen to sixty-nine and also acquired four dogs.

Throughout the next stage of the march, the diary is at its best. In some published accounts the picture drawn of this period is one of hungering men and beasts, caught by an early winter and freezing nigh unto death on the trail. This picture is not entirely baseless, but the detail in some respects is wrong. Cold prevailed in mid-September and again for a few days late in October, but, for the most part, as the diary reveals, the weather was usually fine and often "fine and warm." The men of the convoy never lacked food

Fort Dufferin, across the river from Emerson, whence the Mounties started on their famous march.



and could add at times to the variety of their fare, as the country abounded in game. Their difficulty lay not in sustaining their own lives, which were never seriously in danger, but in sustaining strength to perform the herculean tasks imposed upon them by the rapid weakening of the sick and underfed horses and oxen.

The legend of an unusually early winter probably arose from the conditions that prevailed when the division was at Fort Carlton and, perhaps, from letters to friends and relatives in the East that officers and men wrote at that time. Reaching this point on September 11, Sub-Inspector Gagnon appreciatively noted in his diary the hospitable reception given to the unit by Mr. Lawrence Clarke, who was in charge of the H B C post. Hospitality was doubly welcome, as the first cold wind of the autumn, howling from the west, made invaluable the shelter for man and beast that Mr. Clarke provided. Two days later, when the wind shifted to the north, the cold became intense, snow fell, and, as the horses and oxen were still in bad shape, everyone in Fort Carlton advised the Police that it would be dangerous to attempt the remainder of the long march to Edmonton that year.

Frightened by the unanimity of this advice, the Métis wagon-men "mutinied" on September 14, but Inspector Jarvis dealt firmly with the situation and by evening the repentant mutineers had agreed to push on. For a week, accordingly, all hands were engaged in the crossing of the Saskatchewan. Then, on September 21, the march was resumed.

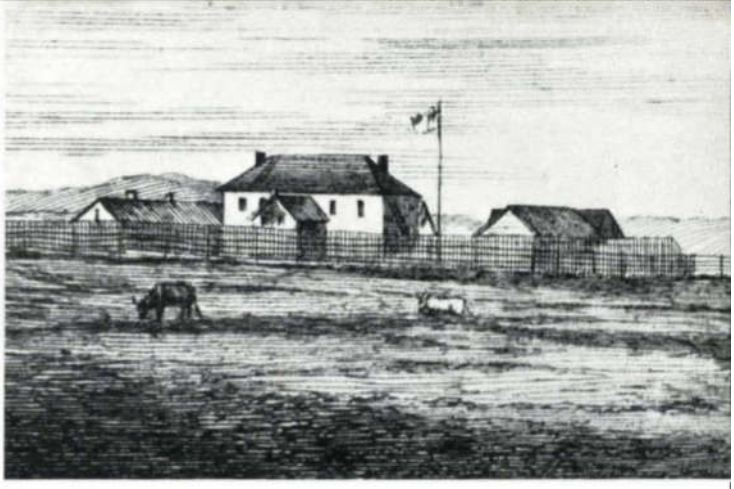
Dying oxen were noted in the diary from time to time; and on October 14, when the convoy plodded onward for thirteen miles, two wagons had to be abandoned. At this stage of the journey, the peak of hardship was reached. Cold, such as the troops had experienced in mid-September, would have been disastrous, but the weather was consistently "fine and warm." This was particularly fortunate, as the convoy had reached a desolate area "with marsh and water all around." No hay for the horses could be cut in this district, nor was there pasture of any kind for the oxen, which were falling by the wayside one by one.

Again, however, like a lighthouse in a stormy sea, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company held out the promise of safety ahead, and when the convoy was welcomed by Mr. Adams at Victoria on October 19 the imminent danger was past. By arrangement with Mr. Adams, two wagons, eleven feeble oxen, and all that remained of the famished farm stock were left at Victoria and the disencumbered Police, without the misgivings that previously had beset them, resumed the march on October 21.

On October 26 they reached the Sturgeon River. High water swept through the bed of this swollen stream and the usual ford was impassable. But a crossing, attempted at the rapids a mile upstream, was finally effected, with the loss of only one horse, which died from cold and exhaustion.

Again on the next two days the diarist noted animal losses. "Left Horse No. 297 at the foot of a hill near Sturgeon River. The mare, No. 129, was left dying in camp. Another horse was left beside a little stream."

Twenty-four hours later, however, the advance-guard of the convoy reached Edmonton, whence help was sent back to the straggling wagons of the train. As a result, groups of wagons, horses, oxen, and men covered the last miles of the trail on October 30 and 31; and on November 1 Sub-Inspector Gagnon noted in his diary that "At last all our train has arrived in." He



Fort Ellice in 1874.

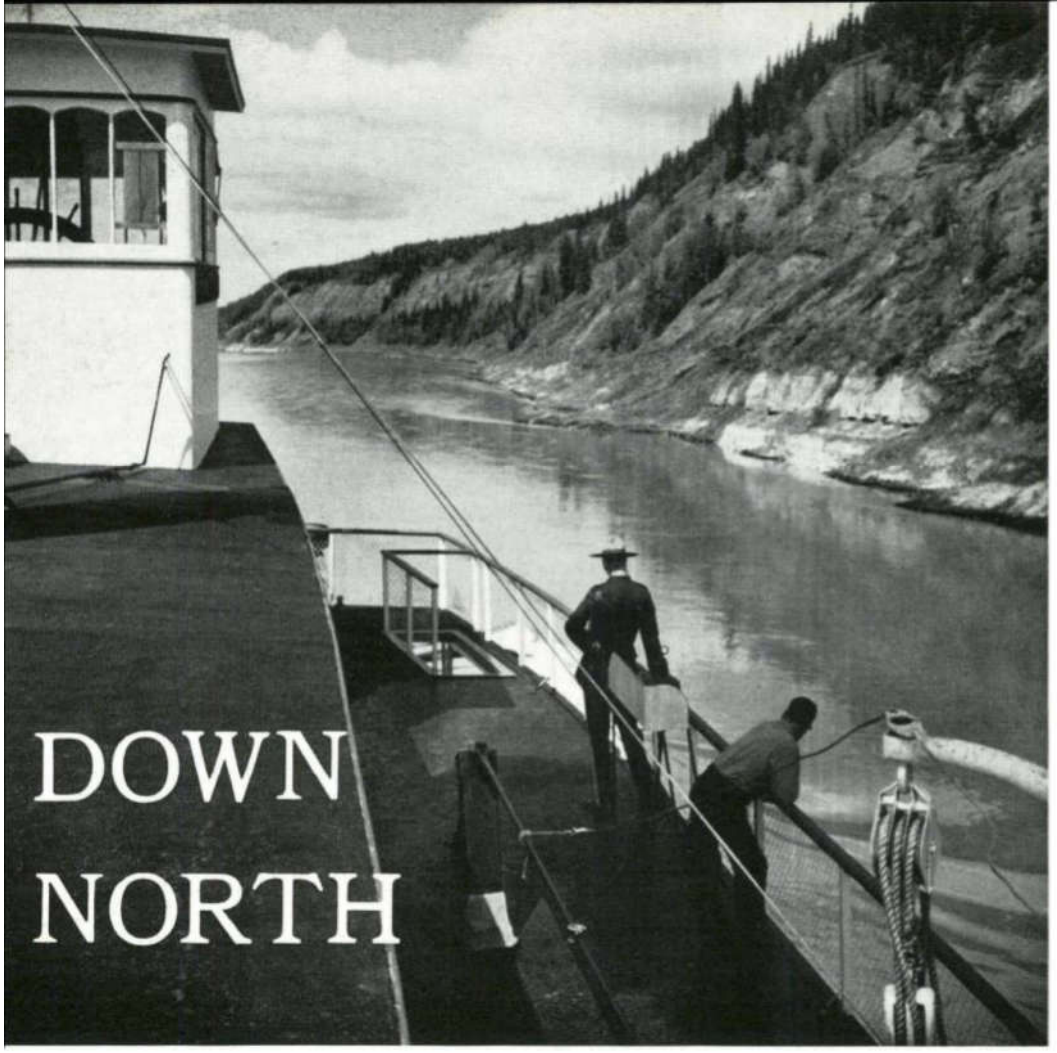
meant, of course, all survivors of the train. No serious casualties had been incurred by officers or men, but the loss of horses and oxen had been heavy. "We left Fort Carlton with ten wagons drawn by oxen. We have arrived here with only four. All the rest have fallen by the way."

Then in a brief entry, bringing the *Notes de Voyage* to an end, "A" Division's accomplishment is summed up:

Distance from Roche Percée to Edmonton	900 miles
Time taken	88 days
Days spent on the march	60 days
Days at rest, or crossing the Saskatchewan	28 days
Average length of day's march	15 miles

There have been longer marches in the subsequent history of the Mounted Police. There have been marches with graver danger to the personnel. But this first journey of the redcoats into the Canadian North-West is nevertheless outstanding, not only because of the difficulties that were encountered and bravely overcome, but because it saw established between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Mounted Police those traditions of friendly co-operation which have contributed more than it is possible to say to the welfare of the Canadian North and West and to the riches of Canadian history.

Some of the Company officers who welcomed "A" Division at the H B C posts en route. Lawrence Clarke of Carlton and Richard Hardisty of Edmonton, centre row, left and right. William McKay of Fort Pitt, middle of front row. Behind him is Sir Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona).



DOWN NORTH

by J. C. Lineham

Photos by R. N. Hourde

From the Winnipeg Training School, a young apprentice goes north down the mighty Mackenzie to begin his fur-trading career.

The steamer glides close to the banks of the Mackenzie.

DOWN North! What a thrill those two words held for me when I learned that my application had been accepted for service in the Mackenzie country! I visualized a frozen land covered with ice and snow, rude log shacks or snow-houses, men bundled in furs driving dog teams over the endless wastes. Then I started to enquire about the country I was going to, to read books about it and the kinds of people who lived there. Of course I gained a lot of knowledge from this study, but there is no book or person that can really give you the North. You have to go and find out for yourself.

Our trip really began at the hotel in Edmonton when the Canadian Airways bus called to take my friend Martin and me to the seaplane base at South Cooking Lake. It was eight o'clock in the morning, and at the base everything was hustle and bustle—mechanics busy gassing and oiling the three planes moored at the long wharf, others loading freight into the ships, pilots receiving last-minute instructions.

Two of the ships had already gone, taxi-ing far out into the lake, then turning around and with an immense roar taking off into the morning air. Soon it was our turn, and we climbed in and squeezed ourselves in among the freight. There was freight in front of us, freight behind us, and freight all around us. As soon as all was ready we cast off and started across the lake, then the sudden increased roar of the engine, and in a few more moments the water was dropping away beneath us.

Edmonton became smaller and smaller in the distance. The farms below looked like toys, and the whole countryside resembled a huge park dotted with lakes and streams, with the mighty Saskatchewan flowing through the middle of it. In a little while there were no farms at all, and all we could see was one vast forest of spruce and jackpine, broken only by an occasional homestead hewn out of the wilderness.

After some time, we found we were following the Peace river, and presently we settled down to our first stop, Wabasca. The bank was lined with Indians, and one of them paddled a canoe out to meet us. Martin was very excited and anxious to see the place which was to be his home for a year or two. We went ashore and met the post manager, Mr. Gallagher, who invited us for lunch, but it was only ten o'clock and the pilot wanted to reach Yellowknife that night.

This was my first sight of Indian life. We passed right by their teepees and saw the old squaws smoking their pipes and doing fancy beadwork on moccasins and gloves. Others were splitting wood or cleaning fish, looking contented. Besides the trading post, there is an Anglican mission and hospital. The white population consists of the post manager, his wife, a clerk, the Anglican clergyman and his family, and one or two missionary nurses. It looked rather lonely, but not unlike the usual little country village except there was no railroad. The only highway there is the river. The mission has a fine herd of cows, and there are lovely gardens. They say the fishing is wonderful.

The trip to McMurray was uneventful—just long stretches of forest and streams and a profusion of lakes. We followed the broad, sluggish looking Athabasca river for a few miles until the roofs of Fort McMurray came into vew. It is a good seaplane base, and there were six planes moored at the various docks in the shelter of the surrounding hills.

McMurray can be called the last link with civilization, for the railroad ends only three miles out of the town and then begins the water trip to the great northland.

After a sandwich and a quick look at the town it was time to go. I settled down again among the freight and we taxied down the river to our taking-off place.

Just then it started to pour with rain. Three times the pilot started to take off, but the deluge was too much for us so we settled down to wait. Presently it stopped, and we got away, but the constant jerking of the first three attempts had loosened the pile of freight in front of me so that when we finally rose in the air I went down beneath a pile of boxes. On account of re-packing the freight I did not see much of the trip to Goldfields.

The first sound to greet us at Goldfields was, "Taxi, sir?" The taxi was a small boat with *Goldfields Taxi* painted on the stern. Most of the population of this thriving mining centre live across the lake and travel by boat to the shopping district, where there is a bank, a large Hudson's Bay store, a drug store, cinema, and the like. The town has its own baseball team, and the next day they were having a sports meet, but we couldn't wait.

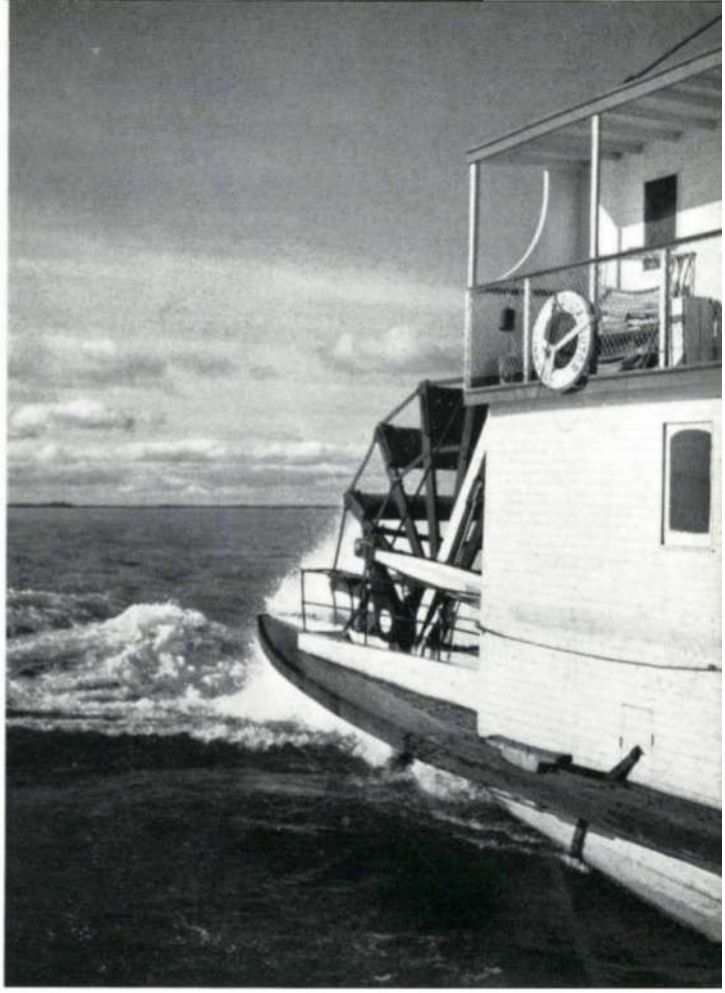
Fort Fitzgerald was the next stop, where I was to wait for the arrival of S.S. *Distributor*. We celebrated Dominion Day with a half-holiday and meant to attend the sports at Fort Smith, sixteen miles across the portage, but it rained and the events were postponed.

Fitzgerald is like a thriving little farming town in the mid-west. Facing the water front are the Company's post and the Mackenzie River Transport buildings and wharf. Up the hill a bit are the various dwelling houses, each with its own garden. There is a large hotel, a garage, and at the top of the hill is the Company house. All day and all night in the summer months there is the continual rumble of trucks passing to and from Fort Smith, portaging freight.

The rapids of the Slave river make this portage necessary, and all cargo discharged at Fitzgerald for points north has to be transported across the portage for transfer to boats travelling the lower river.

On July 18 I said goodbye to Fitzgerald and Post Manager Jock Holliday, and went to Fort Smith to board S.S. *Distributor* for the last lap of the journey

Indians at Fort Smith.



Stern wheel of the Distributor.

north. I was now in the North West Territories, the boundary line being two miles south of the fort.

Fort Smith is the capital of the Territories. The post was established in 1874, and named for Donald Smith, later Lord Strathcona. In the winter of 1885-6 the *Wrigley*, the first steamer to run on the Mackenzie river, was built here by Captain John Smith. Today there is quite a settlement, with a large Hudson's Bay post, a hotel, missions, a Department of Mines and Resources office, a Police detachment, post office, hospital, day school and wireless station.

We sailed that afternoon, heading down the 200-mile stretch to Great Slave Lake. The country changes considerably below Smith. The rock exposures disappear, and the river, sixty feet deep here, flows through an alluvial plain heavily timbered with spruce and jackpine. At the mouth of the Slave River we met S.S. *Mackenzie River*; she was loading wood at one of the many piles along the river banks.

Loading wood is quite a process. Two gangplanks are run out to the bank, and the crew load the wood on trucks, which they wheel on board, and stack it beside the boilers. A cord makes three loads, and they can load anywhere from twenty to a hundred cords at once, depending on the distance to the next woodpile. The boat burns about three cords an hour. There is no pause in the loading; a steady stream of trucks comes and goes until the job is finished. As soon as the other boat finished loading we did likewise, with all haste as the crew were anxious to pass the *Mackenzie River*.

In a short while we entered Great Slave Lake, an inland ocean with an area of 11,170 square miles. The first Company men came here in 1791: Philip Turnor,

Coming ashore at Hay River post.

Malcolm Ross and Peter Fidler. We did not call on this trip at Fort Resolution, the first stop after leaving the Slave River. Resolution has been standing here ever since 1822. Today it has its trading post, Police detachment, a post office, a residential school and a wireless station.

Seventy-five miles farther on is Hay River post, with its mission, and post office. Formerly there was an Indian residential school, but this has been moved to Aklavik. We were met here by Post Manager Howell; Mrs. Craig, who was joining her husband at Fort Norman; Mr. Richards, the minister, and his wife, and the missionary nurse—the entire white population except for one or two trappers then out on their lines. The twenty or thirty Slavey Indians were a picturesque group, especially the women in their multi-coloured shawls and with bright handerkerchiefs over their heads.

When the freight was unloaded it was blowing so hard on the lake that we tied up at the wharf again. We had a wedding dinner for our passenger, Miss Christian, who was married to Mr. Busby that afternoon. In the evening I went with Mr. Richards to tend the lights which burn every night during the open navigation season to guide ships from the mouth of the Slave River to the Hay River. We left at 11 p.m. and reached Fort Providence in the early morning. Here also is a mission, residential school and Police detachment. The Company post here has been in operation since 1869. It is named after an earlier post, built by the North West Company on the north arm of Great Slave Lake.

After Providence we travelled eighty-nine miles downstream to the "head of the line," where potatoes grow and they use horses in their farming. The growth here is remarkable. Potato vines gain an inch and a half a day: tomatoes ripen out of doors; they even get some winter eggs from hens. We reached Fort Simpson, sixty-seven miles farther down, late that night. It should be explained that this part of the river is called the "line" because, in the days before steamers, the scows, boats and canoes had to be tracked upstream with tow-lines. Simpson is located on a large island at the forks of the Mackenzie and Liard Rivers. It has a

fine hospital, electric light, a telephone system, modern plumbing and an up-to-date operating room and X-ray department. There is a Police headquarters, and a wireless station.

Next we stopped at Wrigley, established in 1877. The most outstanding thing here is Wrigley Rock, which rises 1,200 feet above the river. The old legend has it that a giant lived there and hunted beaver. The rock was the beaver house, and on the rock opposite the post the giant stretched his skins. Further downstream he cooked his beaver, and the grease from the beaver still burns in the fires which may be seen between Wrigley and Fort Norman. Actually these are beds of coal which have burned for longer than the memory of men in these parts.

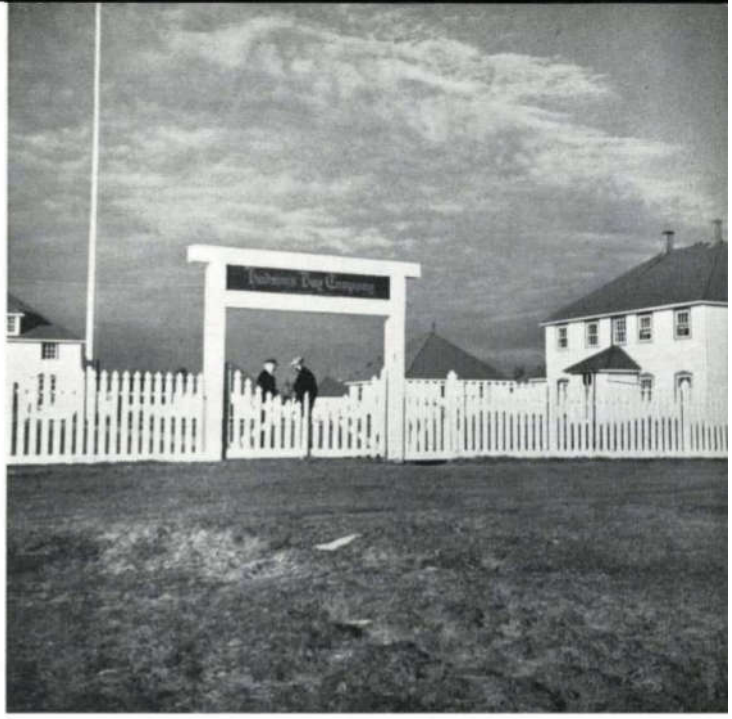
Fort Norman is on the right bank of the Mackenzie and the left bank of the Bear River. It was first established in 1810 by the Nor'westers but has been moved several times since. The present buildings were erected in 1929, and today this is one of the most important posts on the river. In addition to the local traffic, all freight and passengers for Great Bear Lake are transferred here. Across the Bear River from the post is that great landmark, Bear Rock, which may be seen for many miles.

The town is built in three terraces. The first, along the river, consists of Indian tents and shacks. On the second level are trappers' cabins, the post office and a couple of stores. Above these are the Company buildings, the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals station, the Anglican church and mission, and the Police barracks.

On Monday we went fifty-one miles downstream to Norman oil wells, where we unloaded empty gasoline drums and took on full ones. Next day we ran the Sans Sault rapids, and after forty miles more came to the ramparts, a large canyon or gorge where for seven miles the river flows between perpendicular cliffs of limestone from one hundred to two hundred feet high. The channel is very deep here—three hundred feet in places.

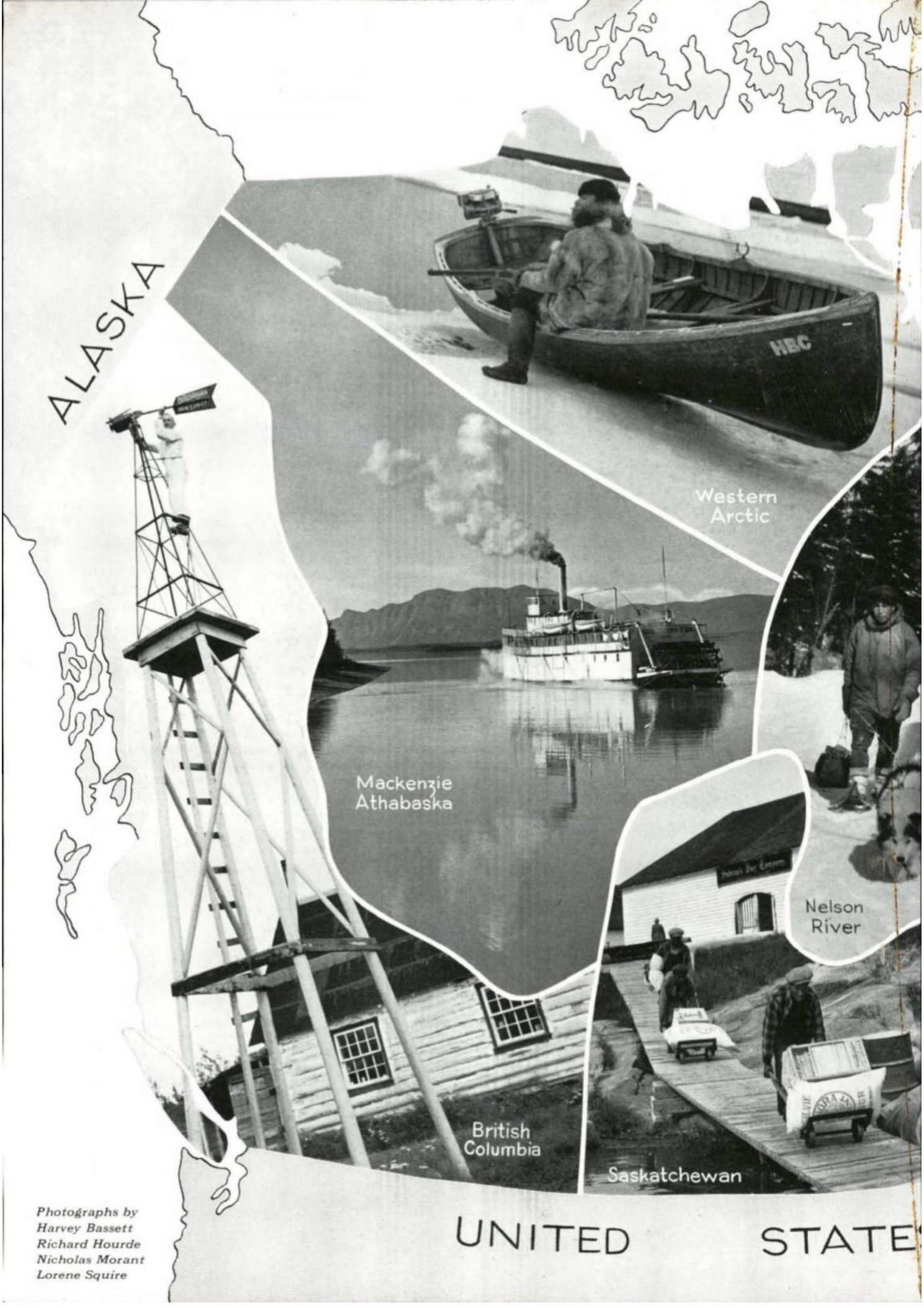
A few miles farther on we came to Fort Good Hope, very pretty with its beautiful lawn and flower gardens although it is almost within the Arctic Circle. The Hudson's Bay Company has been trading there since 1821, except for a period of four years when the post was moved. We saw the Mounted Police barracks, the doctor's house, and the Catholic mission, but stayed only long enough to unload the freight. Then we went on to Arctic Red River, passing the lower ramparts, banks of shale that rise in places to three hundred feet. Twenty miles down the river from Arctic Red River is Point Separation, where the Mackenzie divides into two channels. Mr. Bartleman and his party and I left the boat here to travel to Fort McPherson by canoe.

They were watching for us at the fort and ran up the flag when they saw us. We had had a seven-hour canoe trip and were very glad to see the post. At the top of the ninety-foot climb up the bank we stopped to take in the wonderful view above the green willows and the tall spruce and jackpine towards the rolling foothills of the Richardson Mountains. There is a mission at the post, and about fifty Indian shacks. Some five hundred Indians live here, but the white population consists only of the missionary and his family, the post manager and Mrs. Ambrose and their children, and the apprentice. This was my journey's end, and here, sixty miles north of the Arctic Circle, I settled down into my new home.

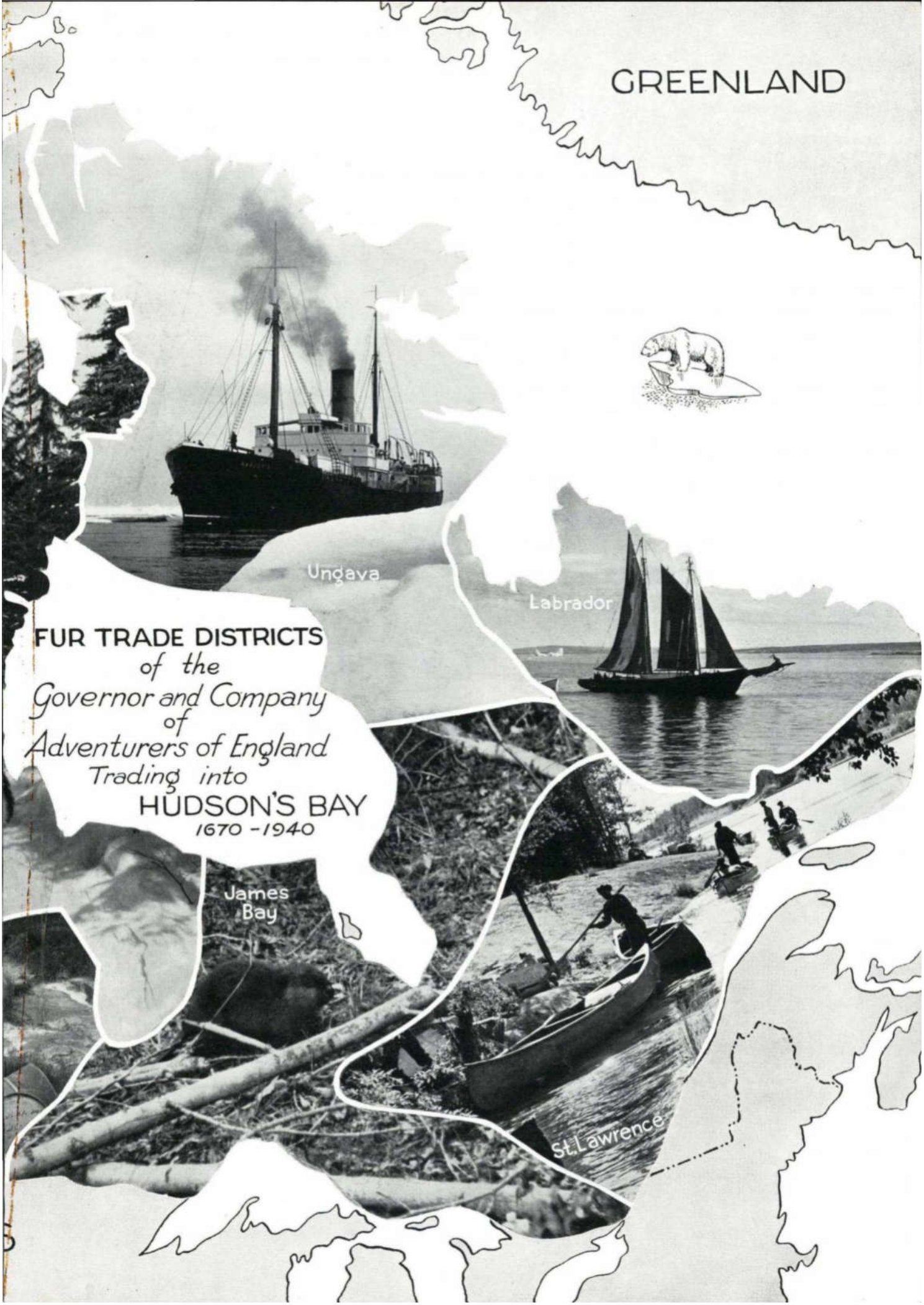


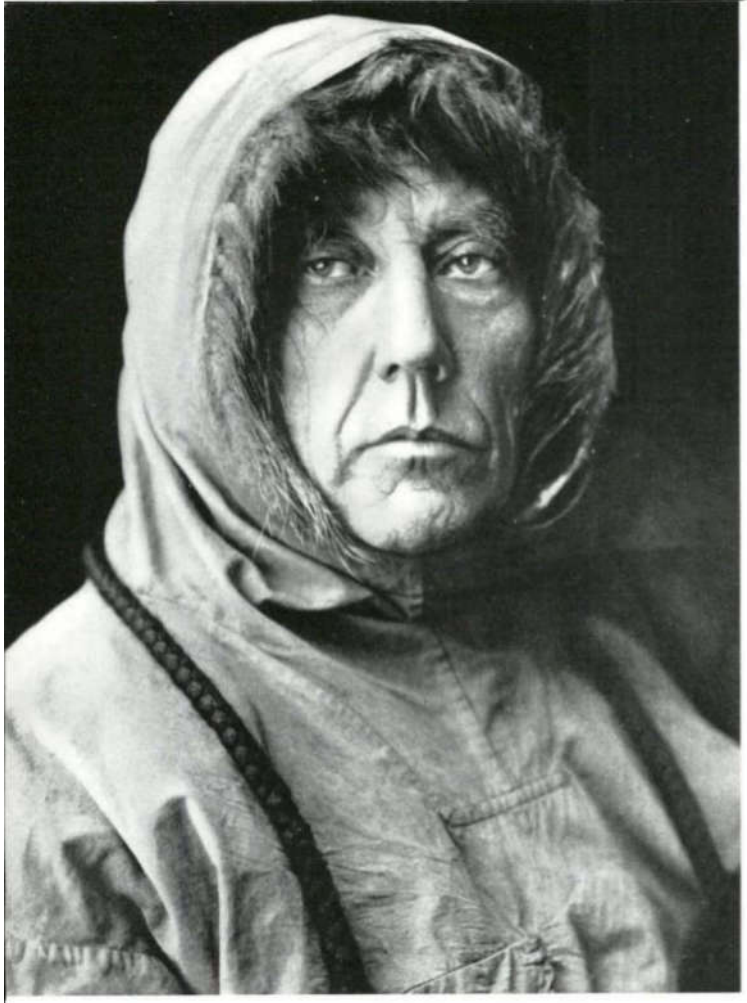
Fort Simpson at the mouth of the Liard.

Fort McPherson on Peel River, journey's end for the author. *R.C.A.F. photo.*



Photographs by
Harvey Bassett
Richard Hourde
Nicholas Morant
Lorene Squire


GREENLAND
Ungava
Labrador
FUR TRADE DISTRICTS
of the
Governor and Company
of
Adventurers of England
Trading into
HUDSON'S BAY
1670 - 1940
James Bay
St. Lawrence



Amundsen in Polar Dress. (*Wide World photos.*)

AMUNDSEN in KING WILLIAM LAND

by William Gibson, F.R.G.S.

Mr. Gibson wrote this article at Gjoahavn, where the great Norwegian explorer wintered during his historic voyage through the Northwest Passage.

ROALD Amundsen's achievements as a polar explorer need no epitome. His singular feats are well known to readers of to-day, as well as the tragic nature of his death twelve years ago when engaged in a heroic attempt to rescue the crew of the ill-fated airship *Italia*. His career as an explorer is unique not only in the sum of his successful pioneer exploits but also in the romantic manner in which he came to embark upon it.

Roald Amundsen was born not far from the city of Oslo in the year 1872, and while still in his infancy came with his parents to live in the capital. He was the youngest son of the family, and his childhood spent in the city was the ordinary life of the school-boy, attending first the primary schools, then the gymnasium, and finally the university. When he was fourteen years old his father died, and he was left alone with his mother, as his elder brothers had by that time left home. It was at this tender age that destiny took a hand in shaping the course of his life by inspiring him with a definite purpose which he afterwards steadfastly adhered to. His youthful imagination had been fired on reading the thrilling narratives of Sir John Franklin's early explorations in the Arctic. Captivated by the exciting adventures portrayed, by the thrill of geographical discovery, and by the charm of character of the great English explorer, at that early age he resolved to emulate him and blaze a career for himself across the Arctic wastes.

When Amundsen was eighteen years old he graduated from the University of Oslo, taking his Bachelor of Arts degree. In obedience to the wishes of his mother he then commenced the study of medicine. But his mind was not fixed on a career of medicine; the call to far unknown places was irresistible. Four years after his graduation his mother died, and he immediately abandoned his medical studies and with great determination devoted himself to a furtherance of his boyhood ambition.

In fitting himself for the life of an Arctic explorer Amundsen believed it essential to take up seamanship and navigation, for he was satisfied that an explorer should be qualified to command his own ship in any undertaking in Arctic waters. The uncertainty of divided command he was resolved to guard against at the outset. With this aim in view he resolutely commenced his preparations by shipping before the mast as an ordinary seaman. Sheer hard work and perseverance brought its reward, for by the year 1897—after three years at sea—he qualified for his mate's certificate. In the same year he was fortunate in securing the berth of mate on board the Belgian exploration ship *Belgica*. This vessel was carrying a scientific expedition to the Antarctic under the leadership of Lieutenant de Gerlache of the Belgian navy. Amundsen thus had his first introduction to polar ice on this voyage, and the experience he gained was a fitting termination to the preparatory stage of his career. Following his

return home he received his master's certificate, and the time was drawing near when he was to launch forth under his own colours. Having progressed so far he lost no time in formulating plans for an expedition of his own. These were to lead eventually to a brilliant initial success; his epochal voyage through the Northwest Passage.

At the commencement of the century Roald Amundsen, the young sea captain, was unknown outside a circle of friends in his native Norway. He realized fully the difficulties incident to gaining support and encouragement in launching his first project. The navigation of the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans was a feat appealing strongly to popular acclaim. It was a bold and sporting venture requiring in its negotiation great skill and profound judgment, but some scientific purpose was essential as well in order to gain the interest and support of influential scientists and the learned societies. He finally decided to carry out a scientific survey of the Magnetic North Pole, an undertaking which fitted in well with his initial plans as the Pole was situated on the route he proposed to follow through the Passage. But in order to carry out the necessary observations successfully and manipulate the delicate instruments involved, it was essential to possess some knowledge of the science of terrestrial magnetism. With the same determination with which he had earlier tackled seamanship he then took up the study of this science. In doing so he was greatly encouraged by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, his great countryman who was then at the peak of his career as a polar explorer. Through the interest of Dr. Nansen and the director of the Meteorological Observatory at Oslo he was enabled to place himself under the tuition of Professor Georg von Neumayer, director of the Deutsche Seewarte at Hamburg. Professor von Neumayer warmly welcomed Amundsen as a pupil and gave him the greatest encouragement in the plans he had projected for his expedition.

When Amundsen had completed his course of study in the German city and was about to return to Norway, the aged professor presented him with a large photograph of himself. This he had suitably inscribed with a feeling reference to his pupil's ambitious enterprise, and he expressed the sentimental wish that he would bury it at or near the Magnetic North Pole. Amundsen was not unmindful of this simple request when he reached the Arctic, for the photograph was duly buried within a reasonable distance of the Pole.

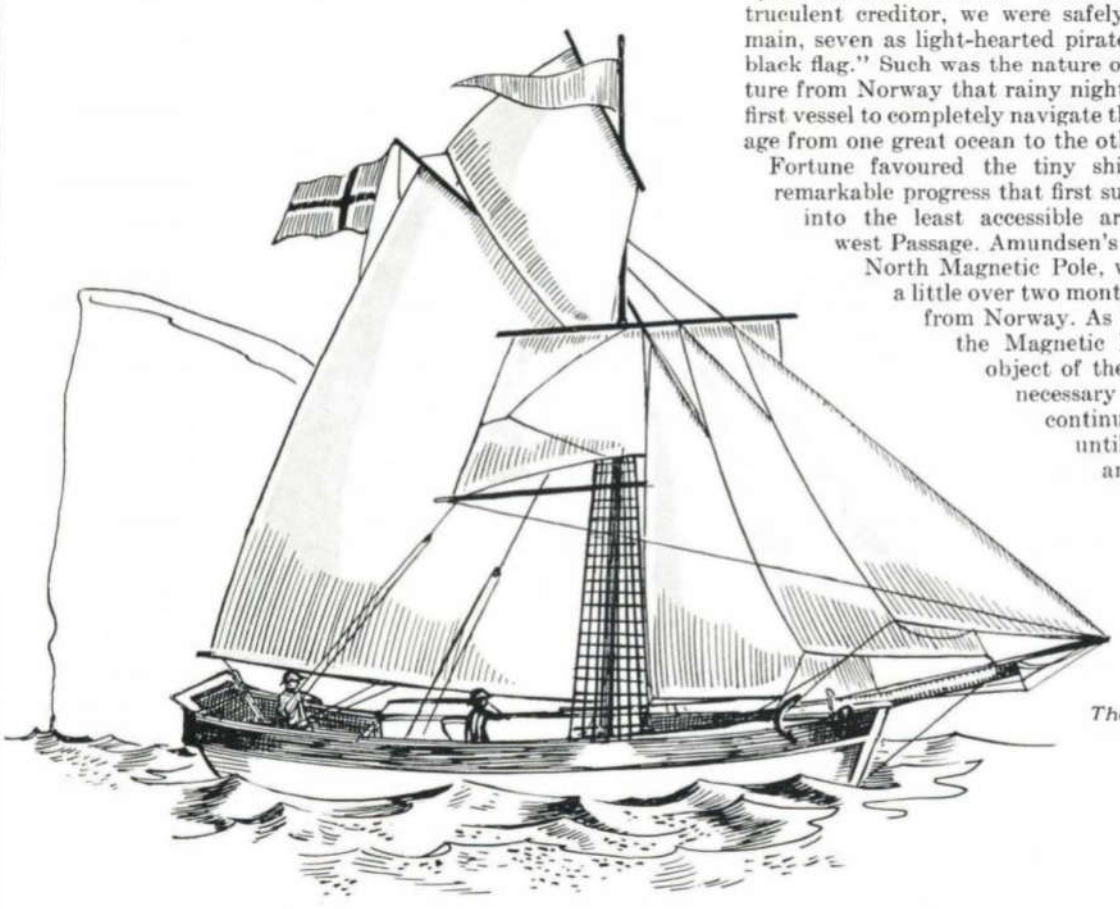
The years during which Amundsen had prepared himself for the life of an explorer with such patient and dogged determination were then at an end, and he applied himself with calculation to the formidable task of raising the necessary funds and getting his expedition under way. A small fishing smack of forty-seven tons, named the *Gjoa*, was purchased and reconditioned. A thirteen horse-power motor was installed, a feature which was to prove of inestimable value, and which gave unfailing service throughout the entire voyage. The expedition consisted of six members, besides Amundsen himself, and all preparations were completed in readiness for sailing from Oslo by the month of June 1903.

From Amundsen's writings we get a glimpse of the financial difficulties which beset him in launching this his first great enterprise, and also of the resourceful manner in which he solved the most pressing. Despite every effort he was unable to pay fully for his stores, and this fact—trifling as it may seem—nearly wrecked the expedition at the last moment before sailing.

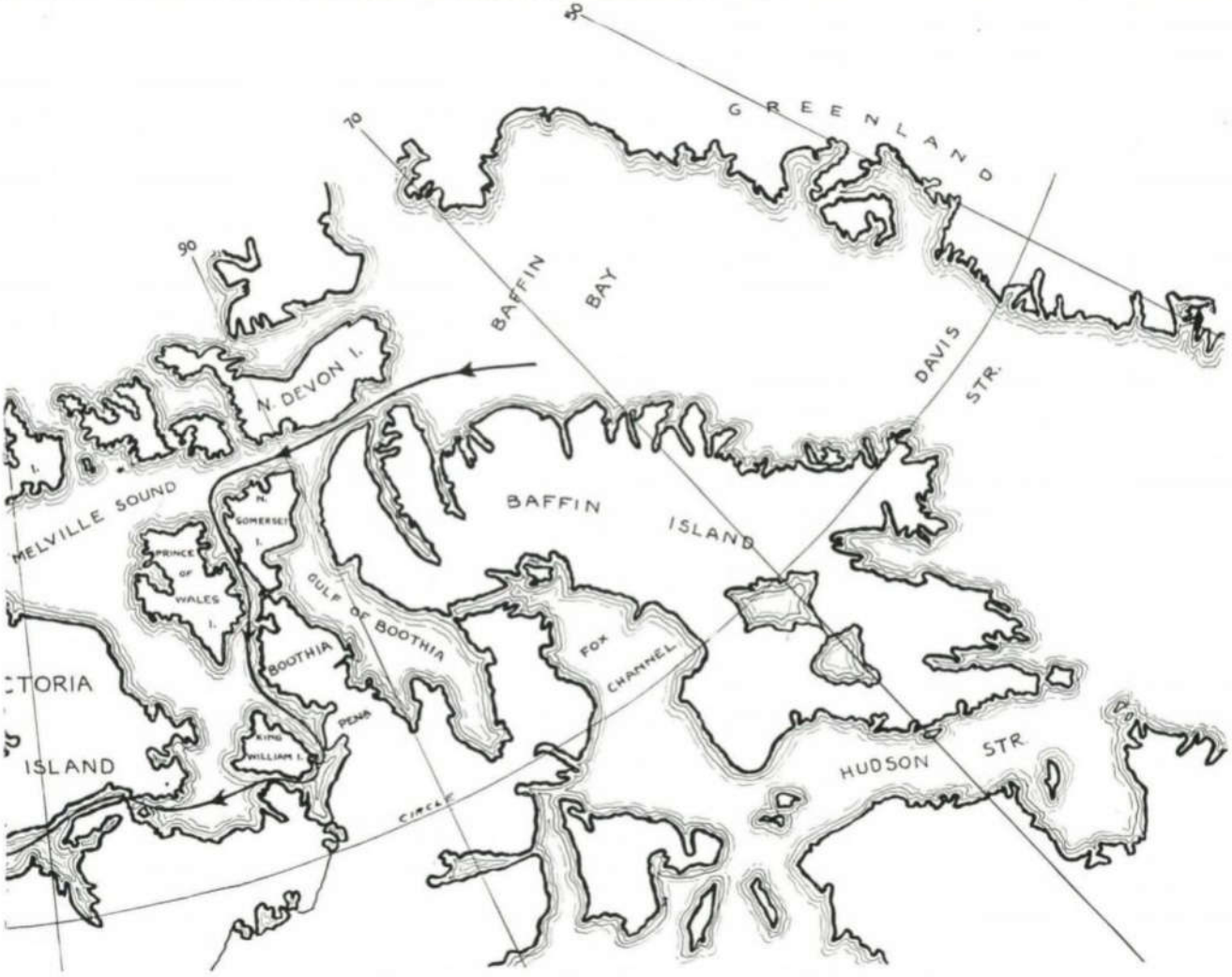
Finally, on a June morning in 1903, the most important of his creditors flatly told him that, unless he paid up within twenty-four hours, he would libel the vessel and arrest Amundsen for fraud.

In this extremity, the young explorer summoned his six companions, and told them of his plan. And at midnight, in the midst of a pelting rain, the seven of them slipped silently out of the harbour aboard the *Gjoa*. So, as he relates, "When dawn arose on our truculent creditor, we were safely out on the open main, seven as light-hearted pirates as ever flew the black flag." Such was the nature of the *Gjoa's* departure from Norway that rainy night in June 1903, the first vessel to completely navigate the Northwest Passage from one great ocean to the other.

Fortune favoured the tiny ship, and she made remarkable progress that first summer, penetrating into the least accessible area of the Northwest Passage. Amundsen's first objective, the North Magnetic Pole, was reached within a little over two months of the departure from Norway. As the examination of the Magnetic Pole was a major object of the expedition it was necessary to postpone the continuation of the voyage until the experiments and observations had been carried to completion.



The Gjoa close hauled under full sail.



The first part of Amundsen's Northwest Passage route.

In the interest of accuracy, and in fairness to Amundsen's long line of predecessors in the attempt to discover and navigate the Northwest Passage, it should be borne in mind that his successful and speedy voyage thus far was due in a large measure to some important considerations which are worthy of note. He was not then grappling with the obscure and stubborn geographical problem which had confronted those heroic sailors right down the centuries from the pioneer voyage of John Cabot in 1497. Little by little, with many periods of failure and disappointment, the secret of the Passage had been revealed. The pioneering spirit and resolution of the earlier navigators never faltered until the northern coast of America, and substantially the Arctic Archipelago, were laid down on the charts. Every mile of the Northwest Passage had been explored and roughly charted when Amundsen sailed from Norway. It remained for him to profit from the discoveries and experiences of his predecessors, as well as from their errors, and to navigate his ship through in a single continuous voyage from ocean to ocean.

The *Gjoa* was a small vessel of light draught, capable of being manned by a crew of seven. Equipped with a marine motor, instant power was available when needed without dependence on the uncertainty of sail. The very size of the vessel and its compact and economical auxiliary power unit was of enormous advantage in manoeuvring through the ice and utilizing harbours and channels which were unsafe for large vessels. This was a tremendous advantage which Amundsen enjoyed over his predecessors. Under his practical guidance success was written largely across the enterprise before the *Gjoa* sailed from Norway.

Amundsen was not unmindful of the value and help he derived from the work of his predecessors, nor did he fail to acknowledge it when he wrote: "Dr. John Rae was one of the Hudson's Bay Company's medical officers. He deserves great credit for his exploration of Northeastern America. His work was of incalculable value to the *Gjoa* Expedition. He discovered Rae Strait, which separates King William Island from the mainland. In all probability the passage through this strait is the only navigable route for the voyage round the north coast of America. . . . The distinguished Arctic explorer, Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, pointed out this passage in his report on the *Fox* Expedition in 1857-59, and proved that if the North West Passage was ever to be accomplished, it would be through this channel. I followed the advice of this experienced sailor and had no reason to regret it."

Following her speedy and uninterrupted passage from Norway on this first stage of her voyage, the *Gjoa* on August 30, was off the position on which the Magnetic Pole was situated on the west coast of Boothia Peninsula. To the westward, the spot in which the Franklin ships had been fatefully beset fifty-seven years previously, great masses of ice were visible, but along the Boothia coast all was plain sailing. She then headed into James Ross Strait, which separates Boothia Peninsula from the northeast coast of King

William Island. These were waters on which no ship had ever sailed before and they held in store for the explorers the greatest misfortune they were to experience on the whole voyage. Amundsen was on the lookout for a safe harbour in which to winter his vessel and set up his scientific station, for he was desirous of not placing too great a distance between his winter quarters and the position of the Magnetic Pole, which had just been passed. In addition to carrying out the magnetic observations, which were eventually to occupy a period of nineteen months, he planned to visit the Magnetic Pole by sledge during winter in order to redetermine its position. The Strait was free from ice and the *Gjoa* made good progress under a fresh following breeze until she was abreast of the small Beaufort Islands. Then, to the dismay of all hands, she suddenly grounded with a violent shock in shoal water. But this did not prove a serious mishap, for through the exertions of the crew she was shortly afloat again and taken to an anchorage for the night off the Boothia coast.

The *Gjoa's* next encounter with shoal water came shortly after her first mishap. But as she was approaching Matty Island, sailing briskly along with a strong following wind on what was apparently a clear run, she struck several times, and finally grounded violently and thoroughly. She had sailed into a veritable nest of shoals, which now surrounded her, creating a serious predicament. Several tons of deck cargo were thrown overboard, but despite this sacrifice, and the unremitting toil of the crew in employing every expedient, she remained fast on the reef.

In this dangerous situation a violent northerly gale arose and it looked as if the stout little vessel was doomed. But Amundsen's resourcefulness and hardihood rose to the occasion, for he decided on employing a perilous expedient which would either float his ship or result in her total destruction. In the direction from which the vessel had come lay the shoals over which she had already bumped, and from this same quarter the storm was raging over them. The risky but perhaps only feasible plan which Amundsen was about to employ was to bump his vessel over the shoals which lay ahead, with the aid of the sails and the rising sea. Therefore, in the grey light of an anxious dawn all sails were set to the force of the gale, and from a lofty perch at the mast-head Amundsen proceeded to pilot his ship over the rocks.

This novel but frightful experience is described vividly in his own account of the voyage. At any moment he expected the stout little ship to go to pieces on the reef, and finally in desperation he ordered the whole of the deck cargo to be thrown overboard. Then "the *Gjoa* seemed to pull herself together for the final leap. She was lifted high and flung bodily onto the bare rocks with terrific force. . . . Yet another thump, worse than ever, then one more, and we slid off."

After this trying ordeal and providential deliverance, the *Gjoa* sailed cautiously southwards, eventually passing through Rae Strait. The sounding lead was brought into use and henceforth a lookout was posted constantly at the mast-head. On skirting the southeast coast of King William Island, Amundsen

R.C.A.F. photo.

Gjoahavn, where Amundsen wintered. The Company's King William Land post is seen just above the cross.

espied the shelter for which he was on the lookout. It proved to be a small, well-protected cove with a deep and narrow entrance. The *Gjoa* entered it on September 13, thus completing in eleven weeks the first and most important stage of her voyage through the Northwest Passage.

Distant some ninety miles from the Magnetic Pole, the harbour, which Amundsen later named Gjoahavn, was admirably situated for the purpose of carrying out the scientific object of the expedition. It was destined to become the home of the explorers for nineteen months. The winter was fast approaching as the days drew rapidly shorter and colder, therefore no time was lost in securing the vessel in a suitable berth and preparing her for her long period of inactivity. Two small buildings were constructed on shore; one to serve as an observatory for setting up the scientific instruments, while the other was intended to house two members of the expedition, who were to live ashore in order to record from day to day the magnetic and meteorological readings. These two buildings later became known respectively as the Variation House and the Magnet. By the time the sea froze over and the winter snow-drifts commenced to form, the expedition was snugly settled in its safe winter quarters, its members prepared to spend the time as best they might until the dark period of winter was past.

The Eskimos were not long in discovering that there were white people wintering amongst them, for early in the season a party of hunters unexpectedly put in an appearance and was received on board the *Gjoa*. Most friendly relations were quickly established, and the local inhabitants proved of great assistance to the explorers during the duration of their stay at Gjoahavn. In addition to the services they rendered by building snow houses and assisting the travelling parties, they furnished the crew with winter clothing made from caribou furs, and also provided a fairly abundant supply of fresh fish and venison. Amundsen's narrative contains a lively account of the characteristics and customs of these primitive and sheltered people. At that time there were no established trading facilities on the Arctic coast and they lived the same life as their ancestors, without any contact with civilization. As the news of the expedition spread throughout the country they flocked to Gjoahavn in the hope of effecting some trade with the white men. Amundsen was scarcely prepared for the role of trader as his stock was a very limited one indeed, consisting chiefly of such commercially trifling articles as needles and thimbles. But in a country barren of timber and bush, and where a scrap of metal was held at a high premium, small trifles assumed great value in the eyes of the inhabitants. Amundsen did a lively trade in barrel hoops, nails and lengths of wood. The engine room of the *Gjoa* rang with the manufacture of snow-knives, the material for which was obtained from empty fuel oil containers. As far as possible a fair distribution was made, everybody received something as compensation for a long journey, or in return for the produce or services they contributed as their share of the barter. Amundsen records some people who travelled over two hundred miles in prospect of trading and who were joyously satisfied on receiving some scraps of wood and a few iron nails.

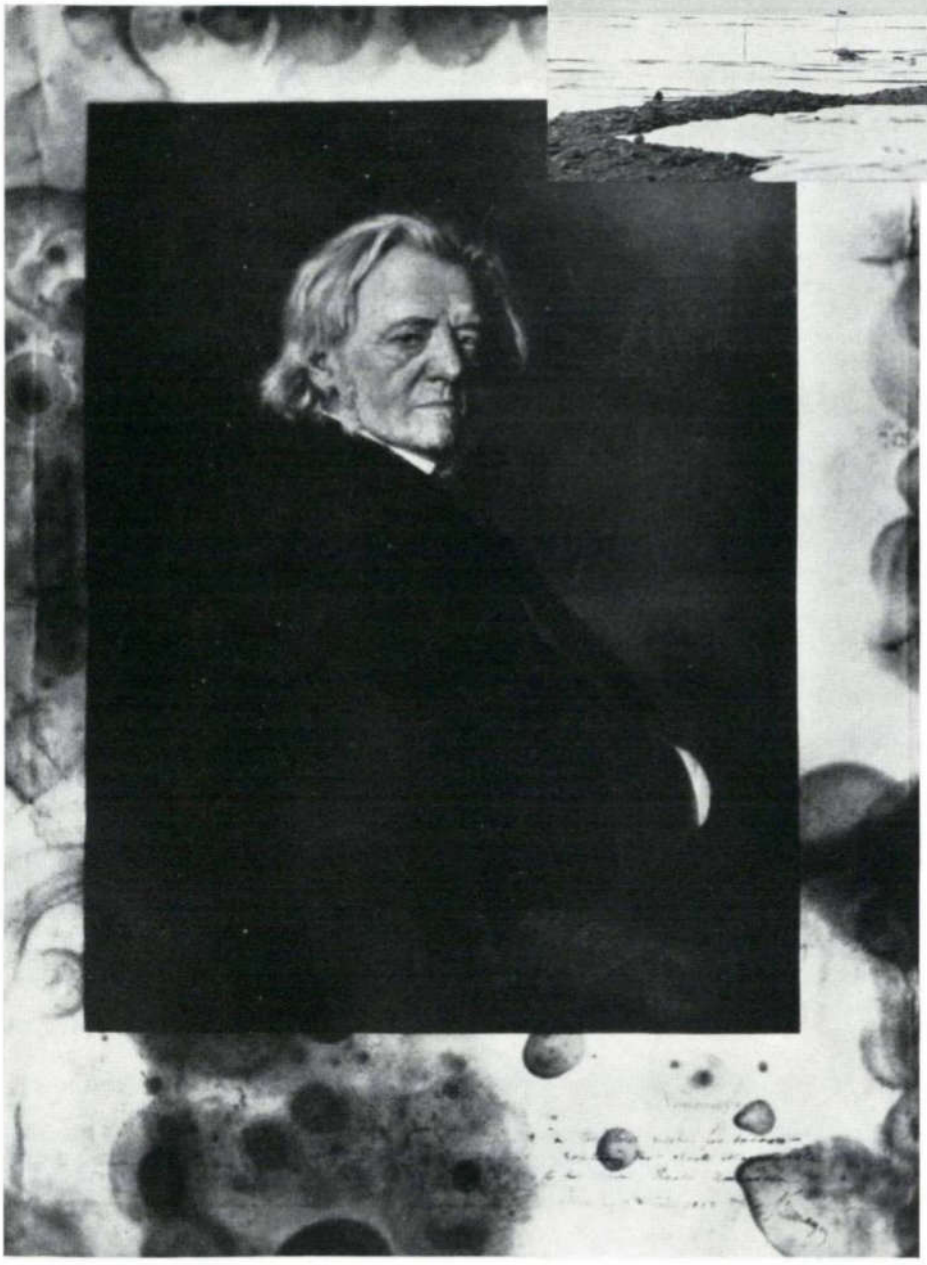
Many Eskimos in the vicinity of Boothia Peninsula and King William Island are still living who can relate reminiscently their experiences of the *Gjoa*'s visit to their country thirty-six years ago. To them it is now very puzzling why Amundsen did not trade for white fox furs, which were quite plentiful in their land, and of little economic valued to themselves. It appears he never even hinted that furs might find some value in the white man's country. That is really a great joke to them to-day. The *Gjoa* was only a small vessel, but to them she must indeed have seemed of monster proportions. Yet it is not the vessel or the ingenious equipment of the expedition which remains uppermost in their minds, but rather trifling and seemingly unimportant incidents.

The explorer's handshake—a form of greeting which was entirely new to them. The amusement derived from the reaction of the various people when they were confronted for the first time in their lives with a clear reflection of their image in a large mirror, which reputedly was fastened on the back of the door leading to the ship's cabin. A naive description of the various members of the expedition, and the names by which they were known to the people. Such remembrances as these, coupled with a clear recollection of the various barter transactions in which they were intimately concerned, live to-day in the memories of the older people as they look back on the days of their youth and dwell on their visit to the *Gjoa*, when for the first time they gazed on members of the half-mythical white race. Strange as it may seem, Amundsen, the man, is remembered by these simple people, not as a great explorer, but as a trader. Fourteen years ago, when I first visited Boothia Peninsula, I met an old man who looked earnestly into my eyes and assured me that he understood white men well, as he had traded with Amundsen at Gjoahavn. This experience he was ingenuously convinced would at once establish our relations on a proper footing.

During the nineteen months in which the *Gjoa* rested in Gjoahavn the expedition successfully accomplished all which it had planned to do in this area. The magnetic observations were continued without a break in their continuity. Journeying by sledge to Boothia Peninsula, Amundsen redetermined the geographical position of the Magnetic Pole and found that it had but slightly changed since first discovered by Commander James Ross in 1831. The hitherto unexplored eastern coast of Victoria Island was charted during an ambitious sledge journey in charge of Lieutenant Godfred Hansen. A collection of specimens of the local flora and fauna was accumulated for scientific purposes. On various sledge journeys, many geographical discoveries were made in a region little known before.

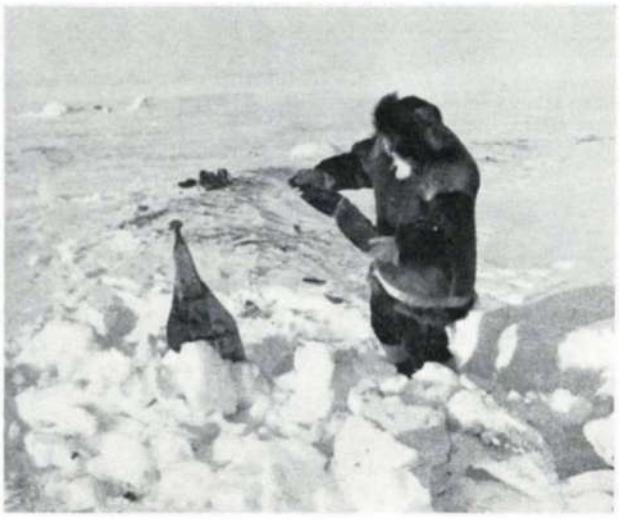
As the spring of the year 1905 lengthened out into the short Arctic summer, the *Gjoa* was made ready for sea again and preparations pushed forward for resumption of the voyage westward. The snow melted from the land, and the action of the sun, wind and surface water, combined to slowly disintegrate the sea ice and break it up. The buildings ashore were pulled down and all the stores and equipment taken on board. The ship's casks were filled with fresh water. Nothing was left undone which would cause any delay in departure as soon as the condition of the sea ice was favourable for navigation. During this period of preparation a few Eskimo families lingered in the vicinity of the harbour, loth to witness the departure of the white men with whom they had enjoyed such pleasant and interesting relations for two winters. Great was their amazement when Amundsen landed on shore some fifty empty petroleum casks, the contents of which had been emptied into the ship's tanks. It was his

Apprentice Larson on the site of Variation House. King William Land post buildings in the distance.



Left: Portrait of Dr. Neumayer which the explorer buried on the site of Variation House.

Below: The author lays his hand on the stone marking the hiding place of the portrait. After digging with the Eskimo snow shovel, the Vicomte de Poncins examines one of the Amundsen relics.



parting gift to his new-found friends. Scarcely could they believe that so great a wealth of iron existed in the whole world, and that it really all belonged to them. At dawn on the morning of the thirteenth of August the *Gjoa* emerged from her harbour under the power of her motor, and sailed westward on the next stage of her voyage through the Northwest Passage.

Perhaps at this point we may digress from the theme of the *Gjoa's* voyage in order to relate what happened to the photograph which Professor von Neumayer gave Amundsen in Hamburg, with the request that he would bury it at or near the North Magnetic Pole. As has already been hinted, Amundsen did not lightly regard this commission, but was resolved to carry it out faithfully. With this purpose in mind he carried the photograph with him when he visited the Pole during the spring of the year 1904. But as it was then winter, and the land was frozen and covered with deep drifts of hard packed snow, it was impossible to dispose of it as he would wish. He knew well that to deposit it beneath a cairn would only invite its destruction by the Eskimos in a very short while, therefore he brought it back with him to the ship until such time as he could devise a better means of ensuring its safety.

Before sailing from Gjoahavn it occurred to Amundsen that no spot was more suitable, or indeed appropriate, for depositing the photograph than the site of the Variation House, in which the magnetic observations had been carried out so scrupulously for nineteen long months. Accordingly, when the expedition was preparing to leave Gjoahavn this building was demolished early in order to afford the Eskimos an ample opportunity to rummage the site for scraps of wood and copper nails. In a few days, when their interest in the site became exhausted, Amundsen considered it safe to carry out his plan. Unobserved by the natives he went ashore one night and buried the photograph, enclosed in a sealed metal box, beneath a corner of the cement foundation. He considered his task accomplished as well as might be, for only chance could lead to the discovery of the box by his Eskimo friends.

Twenty-two years later, during the month of September 1927, the Hudson's Bay Company's schooner *Fort McPherson* sailed into Gjoahavn to re-locate King William Land post in Amundsen's old wintering quarters. Some few traces were left of its occupation by the *Gjoa* Expedition: Amundsen's cairn on Lookout Hill; the well marked sites of the Variation House and the Magnet; a flat marble slab, obviously used as an instrument stand, and on which cross sectional penciled lines were still faintly visible; some scraps of waterproofed building felt, which lay scattered around the building sites. But our thoughts turned to the photograph of the aged German scientist. Did Amundsen's stratagem succeed? Did it survive destruction at the hands of the Eskimos? Was the photograph still buried there in the ruins of the Variation House?

The thin cement floor had crumbled away, but we commenced to dig in the northeast corner, at which spot Amundsen had indicated that it would be found. In a few moments the iron box was unearthed, and later the photograph carefully removed and exposed to view. It was an old-fashioned photograph of a dignified old gentleman with long silvery locks, bearing the following endorsement in English: "With best wishes for success exploring the North Magnetic Pole. To my friend Roald Amundsen, Thursday, 3rd Febr'y, 1902. Georg V Neumayer." On the back of the photograph Captain Amundsen had written in Norwegian the following (the translation is from his own narrative): "In deep gratitude and respectful remembrance I deposit this photograph on Neumayer Peninsula. *Gjoa* Expedition. 8 August, 1905. Roald Amundsen." A footnote in English requested the finder to leave the box on the spot. The photograph itself was remarkably well preserved, although the wide margin suffered from moisture stains, due to a flaw in the cemented lid of the container. It lies buried today in the same spot in which Amundsen so ingeniously placed it. The secret of its existence is still preserved from the Eskimos. Thus was the aged professor's wish fulfilled and Amundsen's care in respecting it rewarded.

Space does not permit of following in detail the progress of the *Gjoa* from that day in August, 1905, when she sailed out from Gjoahavn to resume her voyage to the Western Ocean. The explorers were subjected to a nerveshaking experience during the first few days, as their vessel battled with ice and shoal water. Precariously the *Gjoa* threaded her way through the maze of small islands just recently discovered by Lieutenant Hansen, and named the Royal Geographical Society group. When she had won her way through to the deep water of Dease Strait, which is the eastern entrance to Coronation Gulf, she was on the track of ships which had previously sailed thus far from the Pacific Ocean. Behind lay the uncertain waters which comprised the last link in the Northwest Passage to be explored by a ship.

The twenty-sixth of August was a glad day for the members of the expedition, for it was marked by an incident which symbolized the success of the enterprise. When off Nelson Head, on Banks Island, the *Gjoa* met the American whaler *Charles Hansen*, of San Francisco. Amenities were exchanged between the vessels, and Captain James McKenna, master of the whaler, was the first man to grip Amundsen by the hand and congratulate him on his successful negotiation of the Northwest Passage. But the explorers were not destined during that year to reach their goal, the Pacific Ocean. The month of September hastened the oncoming winter, and they were obliged to face the inevitable and reconcile themselves to spending another winter in the Arctic. On crossing the mouth of the Mackenzie River Delta a safe anchorage was found for the *Gjoa* at King Point, on the Yukon coast; here they settled down to spend their third winter as patiently and profitably as they might.

During this winter of waiting, Amundsen undertook a long sledge journey to Eagle City, in the interior of Alaska, in order to get into telegraphic communication with Norway, and exchange messages with the relations and friends of the various members of the expedition. The *Gjoa* had then been unreported since leaving civilization some two and one-half years previously, and the news that was flashed out from this northern outpost, reporting the safety of the explorers and the success of their enterprise, featured the day's head-line in the press of the world.

On the eleventh of July, 1906, the *Gjoa* put to sea again and threading her way through the loose ice commenced the final stage of her voyage. The journey along the northern coast of Alaska was uneventful, and in due time she passed through Bering Strait and sailed out on the broad waters of the Pacific Ocean, that Western Sea which was the unsuccessful goal of so many of her predecessors for nearly four centuries.

Never before or since has any ship made the Passage in one continuous voyage.

Tea in the Bush — *Lorene Squire*

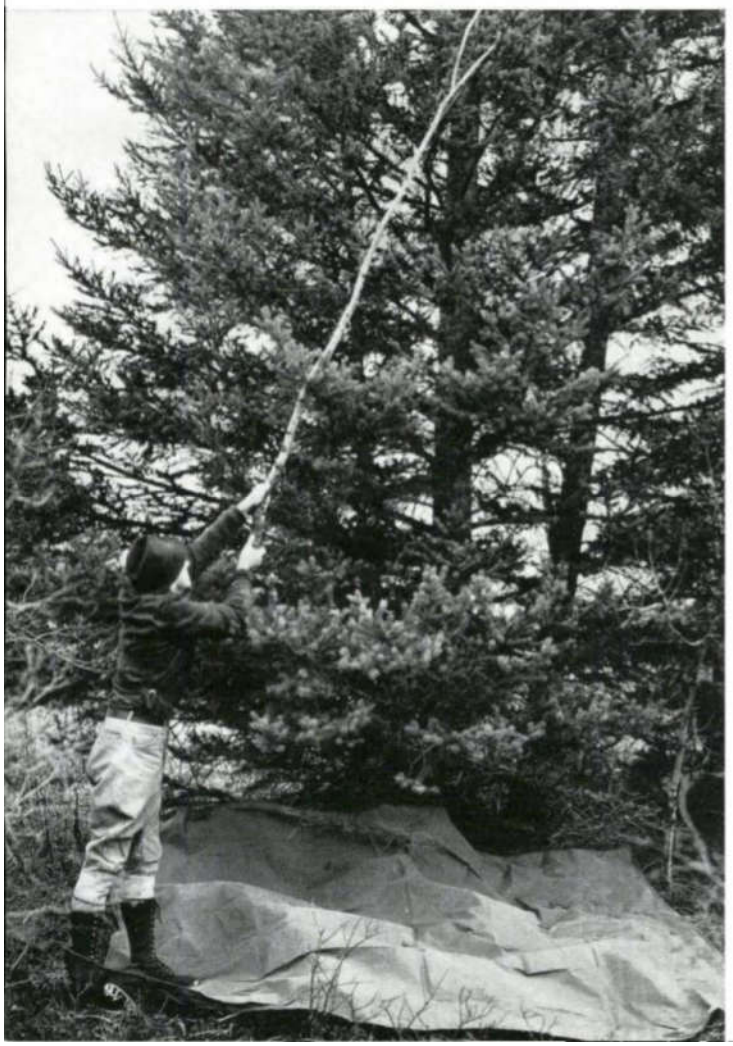
WAR ON INSECTS

A NEW war is being waged against the destroyers of our forests. For years the menace of forest fires has been widely proclaimed through the radio, printed page, spoken word and the moving picture. Now we are out to fight a much less spectacular but more destructive foe. Losses from forest fires in the past few years have been tremendous, but each year they are only a fraction of the loss from insects.

The Forest Insect Laboratories of the Department of Agriculture, in Ottawa, are conducting a widespread campaign to halt the destruction by these pests, and are calling upon not only Dominion and provincial forest services, protective associations, and lumber and paper companies, but upon anybody else who will assist them in checking this terrible scourge. Early detection, followed by constant observation of the insect's spread, and its annual progress, is the ultimate key to the forest insect problem.

Last summer, by request of the Department of Agriculture, a call was sent out through the Fur Trade Department of the Hudson's Bay Company to the various post managers throughout the great forest belt which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. These posts are situated in places where research had hitherto not been carried out, and by enlisting the manager's services, it was hoped to obtain new and valuable data on the range of these destructive insects. Those who were willing to co-operate were asked to make collections during the summer in the following manner. A sheet of canvas was spread on the ground below a cone-bearing tree, generally spruce, balsam, tamarack, or jack pine, where present. If the tree was small, it was jarred vigorously by beating the trunk ten or more times with the back of a heavy axe. If it was large, the branches were struck with a long pole. The number of resultant larvae, commonly called caterpillars, which fell on the sheet was often amazing. Sometimes showers of them came from a tree that appeared, on casual inspection, to be perfectly healthy. The collector gathered them up, put them into a special box provided by the Government for the occasion, with a few leaves for food, and sent it off self-addressed and post-free to Ottawa for examination. The actual time involved in examining each tree was about ten minutes.

Beating the branches of a spruce. The falling larvae are caught on the canvas.

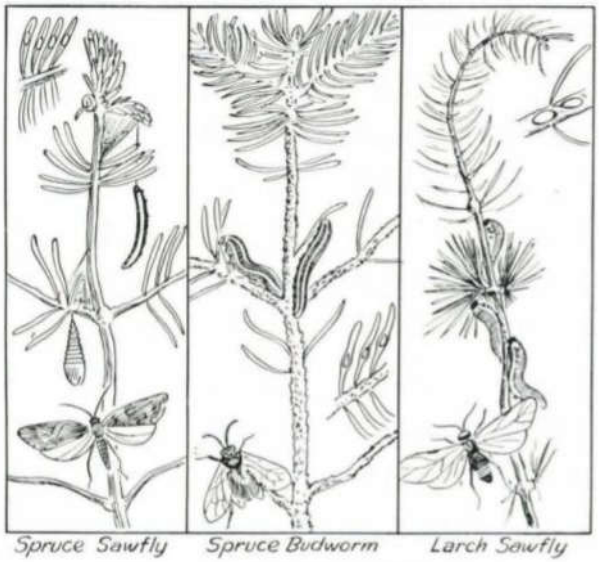


As these boxes were received at the laboratory, the contents of each was examined and the live material was caged separately as an individual experiment. The larvae were cared for, fed, and allowed to continue their growth until completed. In most instances the specimens began to prepare for winter as fall approached. Having done so, each container was placed within a refrigerator and subjected to an artificial "winter." After some two months it was placed in an incubator and subjected to an artificial "spring" and "summer," so that by February development was finished and the adult insect had appeared.

Throughout its life in the laboratory it was telling a very valuable and fascinating story, no part of which was missed. Whether it lived to maturity or died in an early stage, the information was equally valuable. From this source were revealed the numerous insects destructive to forest trees from all parts of Canada, many of which were entirely new to science. Additional to their distribution, information was obtained on the severity of attack, abundance and spread from year to year, the presence or absence of all varieties of parasites and natural enemies and their relative worth as control agents, as well as much valuable information of a biological nature.

Posts contributing this valuable information numbered one hundred and five last summer, and much of the data was absolutely new. Many unusual records derived from the Company's work can be cited, but a few of the more important will suffice to illustrate the principles involved.

A sample of the European larch sawfly from Frances Lake, Yukon Territory, was not only the farthest west but the most northerly point ever recorded for this insect. From Hopedale comes its most northern record in Labrador, and from Severn its most northern record in Ontario. This latter observer reported noticeable damage from this insect. Another link in the chain of the northern limit of distribution for the larch sawfly comes from Fond du Lac, Saskatchewan. From Nitchequon, Quebec, comes a record of destruction caused by the climbing cutworm, a species known to become more abundant as one goes northward, but never before recorded as destructive. Two square miles of injury to spruce was reported from the post manager at



Insets show eggs laid in leaves or stem.

Hudson's Hope, B.C. The total absence of specimens of the European spruce sawfly further verifies the belief already held that this most destructive forest insect is still limited to southern Quebec and eastern Ontario. This list could be greatly elaborated, but the above will illustrate the invaluable assistance that has come from this source.

The European spruce sawfly is one of the most serious of the pests that has to be fought. It was first discovered in the Gaspé Peninsula in 1930, and three years later had extended its destruction over more than four thousand square miles of spruce stands, leaving in its wake a forest stripped of the greater part of its foliage. It now extends as far west as Georgian Bay. In its adult stage it resembles a fly, although actually it belongs to the same group of insects as bees. Its eggs are laid in slits cut in the spruce needle by means of a saw-like appendage whereby it derives its name. The young larvae, more commonly called caterpillars, proceed to feed upon the foliage of the spruce and may consume the greater part of the tree's needles. When such occurs the death of the tree is almost inevitable.

The European larch sawfly, which attacks the tamarack, is a pest more familiar to Canadian foresters. Earlier in this century, this insect destroyed almost every tamarack growing from the Atlantic to its most westerly limit in Manitoba.

A third pest is the spruce budworm, which is native to this continent, and which in two decades destroyed over two hundred million cords of spruce and balsam in Eastern Canada. The devastating effect of this small insect on the merchantable timber supplies of our paper companies can easily be imagined. This same insect is now ravaging our forests in central Canada from Port Arthur through southeastern Manitoba and locally in northern Saskatchewan.

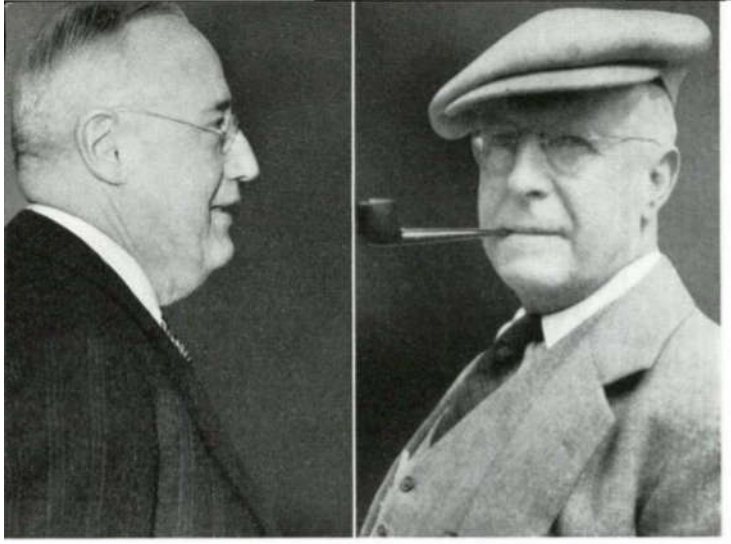
Fortunately, a way has been found to combat these pests, and the principle is that of using their natural parasites to destroy them. When the European sawflies were accidentally imported to this country, they were thus liberated from natural enemies which had kept them in check in the old world. These natural enemies are other insects which lay their eggs inside the bodies of the destructive caterpillars. Small grubs hatch from these eggs and they in turn feed upon the body tissues of the caterpillar until their development is completed. In doing so they kill the host caterpillar and eventually emerge as a four-winged fly which proceeds to locate a new host in which to deposit its eggs.

The task, then, was one of collecting enough parasites to counteract the sawflies, and in recent years millions of parasites have been released annually in Canada. As an illustration of this principle, there exists a native pine sawfly in the Nipigon forests north of Lake Superior. Insofar as damage is concerned, it is relatively unimportant. It was found, however, that this pine sawfly can harbour a certain parasite that is a mortal enemy of the dreaded European spruce sawfly. This latter insect has not yet reached the Nipigon forests, but an invasion from it is feared in the none-too-distant future. During 1939 this parasite, common to both the pine and spruce sawflies, was released in the Nipigon forests in anticipation that it may become established on the pine sawfly as a precautionary measure against the arrival of the spruce sawfly.

What has been narrated above presents something on the nature, the scope and methods of forest entomology, the newest of scientific forest practices. As research continues to add to our knowledge and to unravel the part played by each organism in the balance of nature, the time may soon approach when even the most dangerous of insects may be permanently maintained within bounds, fulfilling its mission as an integral part of a balanced forest community.

The propagation and preservation of our natural resources is the concern and the responsibility of the Canadian public and, as such, deserves, and is receiving, the co-operation and support of governments, industry and of the people at large. And this summer again, various organizations, including the Hudson's Bay Company, are being asked to co-operate with the Department of Agriculture, thus extending our knowledge of the range and natural control factors of these destructive pests.

A stand of jackpine attacked by the spruce budworm.



C. W. Veysey (left), Manager Wine and Spirit Department, retires after forty years with H B C. A. H. Doe, Superintendent of Buildings, retires after thirty years.

TWO VETERANS RETIRE

FORTY-FOUR years ago, a young man named Charles Wilmot Veysey joined the Hudson's Bay Company in Vancouver as clerk. Born in North Sydney, Cape Breton, in 1875, he had journeyed across Canada as a boy with his family, and for five years had been working with the B.C. Sugar Refineries. Business in those days was carried on at a leisurely pace, but a year after Mr. Veysey joined the H B C, the Klondyke gold rush began. Prospective miners poured into Vancouver from south, east, and west, demanding complete outfits in the shortest possible time. They besieged the retail store on Granville street and the warehouse on Water street, and in order to fill their orders, Mr. Veysey and the general manager, H. T. Lockyer, had to work every night till midnight for five months.

In 1904, Mr. Veysey was promoted to be assistant manager of the Company's wholesale and retail business in Vancouver, and remained in that post for five years. The next four years he spent as credit and office manager for Kelly Douglas & Co. But in 1913 he rejoined the H B C as depot manager and manager of the Winnipeg wholesale—a position left open by the death of G. W. Cockram.

When prohibition came into force the following year, Mr. Veysey was put in charge of all the Company's mail order liquor business in Canada. At that time there was a considerable volume of interprovincial trade, and to take care of it he established ten branches between Revelstoke, B.C., and Kenora, Ontario.

After the war, he extended the wholesale operations, and created branches in Saskatoon and Regina. In 1928 he was made general manager of the Wholesale Department for Canada. When prohibition was repealed in the United States in 1933, it widened the field for Company wines and liquors considerably, and Mr. Veysey lost no time in taking advantage of the situation. He was appointed general manager of the Wholesale and Liquor Divisions the following year, and when the Wine & Spirit Department was set up in 1935, he was made manager.

Mr. Veysey's activities, particularly during the last twenty years of his service, necessitated a great deal of travelling and he has probably rolled up a record of mileage unequalled by most H B C men. He has the satisfaction of knowing that through his efforts, particularly in the United States, the Company's name and products have become well and favourably known to many thousands of people.

NEARLY half a century in the department store business has been the record of Alfred H. Doe, who recently retired as Superintendent of Buildings for the Company in Canada.

Starting in 1893 with Harrods, famous department store in London, Mr. Doe was ultimately promoted to the position of store superintendent. In 1908 he was sent by Harrods on a mission to Servia, and the following year accompanied Sir Richard Burbidge when the latter was appointed Director of the Hudson's Bay Company and asked to inspect the Company saleshops in Canada.

The upshot of that visit was that in 1910 Mr. Doe joined the Company and came to Canada to assist in the reorganization of the Saleshops Department.

The years 1912–14 saw a great deal of building carried out under his direction—Hudson's Bay House in Winnipeg; the new stores at Vancouver, Calgary, Yorkton and Vernon; a fourth story added to the old store in Edmonton; a new warehouse for the Fur Trade, Land, and Wholesale Departments; and the beginning of the present store in Victoria.

Mr. Doe had been appointed to the position of Assistant Stores Commissioner in 1913, but in 1915 returned to England and joined the Company's war contracts department. Here he assisted in the purchase of war supplies, through the Company, for the government of France. He did not lose touch, however, with the stores in Canada, and was continually being consulted as to their activities and needs.

In 1920, he was appointed manager of the Company's buying office in London, and some years later returned to Canada, having been appointed by the Board Controller of Stores Construction. As such he had charge of the building of the Winnipeg store and the large additions to the Vancouver, Victoria and Calgary stores, and the erection of the new Edmonton warehouse. In 1931 he was appointed to the new position of Superintendent of Buildings.

His last new construction work was the erection of the new Edmonton store in 1938-9, which was carried out at the same time as the old store was being demolished, without the loss of a single shopping hour.

His final undertaking was the modernizing and air-conditioning of Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, the building of which, twenty-eight years ago, was his first big construction job in Canada.

Mr. Doe's thirty years with the Company have thus been varied and full of accomplishment. He leaves behind him, from Winnipeg to Victoria, several fine buildings which will stand as lasting reminders of his service with the Great Company.

"*Si monumentum quaeris . . . . .*"

BOOK REVIEWS

SEA OF DESTINY, the Story of Hudson Bay, by H. Dyson Carter. George J. McLeod, Toronto, 1940.

THERE are three parts to this book, two of them historical and the third a plea for the American Defence of Hudson Bay. Historically the book is unimportant. Certainly historical perspective is entirely lacking—seventeenth century acts of omission or commission are judged on 1940 standards and not unnaturally found wanting in almost every particular. One suspects, for all the publisher's blurb about Mr. Carter's "unmatched research into historical record," that Mr. Carter is not at home in the historical background of the times of which he writes. The history is in line with much in discarded historiography, for in both the discussion of the old Hudson's Bay Company and in the discussion of the Hudson Bay Route the purpose appears to be to paint the white whiter and the black blacker. When we find "It was Donald Smith and the Canadian Pacific swindlers who killed the northern rails," it is impossible to think otherwise. To be read, invective and abuse must be written by a master. Speaking of Henry Hudson and the judgment of posterity upon him, Mr. Carter says, "He is a rogue or he is a saint, and the men all dogs or honest fellows with no room for common sense and human passion." In this sentence Mr. Carter writes his own review of parts one and two of his book.

The tragedy of the book is precisely this historical introduction, which is in bulk its major part, because one is naturally impatient thereafter with the discussion of the need for America's defence of Hudson Bay. Whether after reading Mr. Carter's argument, and after due reflection thereon, one agrees with him is immaterial to this review, for Mr. Carter is simply stating a case and it is a fascinating case for serious discussion. It suffers, however, from the fault already indicated: too many personal opinions are stated as indubitable facts. The air of being in the know sometimes reaches sublime heights, as when we read: "But inside the sound proof walls of the Nazi Consulate in Winnipeg, headquarters for the huge spy and sabotage rings of Western Canada, there was quiet, satisfied laughter." Either Mr. Carter was there or the walls were far from soundproof. . . .

It is the author's belief that the enemy could, with ease, establish bases in unprotected Hudson Bay, but five hours "bomber" time from Detroit, and six hours from New York, and he is anxious that defence measures be taken. By the nature of his thesis, Mr. Carter invites discussion, and there is need for it, but he would have obtained wider discussion and written a more lucid and convincing book if, shorn of hyperbole and rash opinions on side issues, his advocacy of defence measures for Hudson Bay had been published separately as a slim volume without the preceding prejudiced history. In these days of wishy-washy fence sitting, out and out advocacy is a joy to behold. It is a pity to spoil it.—*L.H.C.*

THE WARS OF THE IROQUOIS, a Study in Intertribal Trade Relations, by George T. Hunt. The University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, 1940.

THIS study of Indian affairs, in the heart of this continent during the seventeenth century, centres on the Iroquois and their wars of expansion. It is an examination of the factors which enabled the Five Nations, surrounded by powerful enemies, to break through all opposition, and to establish themselves in a dominant position in the fur trade as middlemen between the western tribes and the European traders on the Atlantic seaboard.

Professor Hunt discards most of the time-honoured explanations of the rise to power of the Iroquois. He is sceptical of their superior political organization, and he points out that, as in most other Indian confederacies, there was no real unanimity among these tribes, except on those matters which could be reduced to the common denominator of self-interest. On occasion the Five Nations fought amongst themselves and several times one of the group was left to the mercy of its enemies, because its neighbours did not feel that their interests were affected by the issue at stake.

Other theories, such as the ferocity of the Iroquois, their ability as warriors, their efficient weapons and leadership, or their superior numbers, are thoroughly discredited. In fact Professor Hunt thinks that the Iroquois have been badly served by their historians, even by Parkman.

"The European trade was the major circumstance of all intertribal relations in the Great Lakes area, and the Iroquois and all their works were phenomena of that contact." This is the thesis of the book. The Iroquois, because of their geographic position, were forced to become middlemen between the western tribes and the white traders or perish. There was no other economic basis for their existence. To ensure their position in the fur trade, they attacked their competitors in turn, the Huron—the most successful Indian traders prior to the middle of the seventeenth century—the Ottawa, the Erie, Neutrals, Susquehannah and many other smaller tribes.

The crushing of their competitors gave the Iroquois a virtual monopoly of the western trade, which in turn provided them with a good livelihood. "Aboriginal wars were fought, not between hunter and trader but between hunter and hunter and between trader and trader; race, language, and customs played no very considerable part." Since there were fewer traders than there were hunters, the stakes for which the former played were correspondingly higher.

This book is well written, it is provided with three useful appendices, a good bibliography and index, and an excellent map in the end pieces. The author establishes his thesis of the importance of the fur trade in Indian relations, and makes a very useful and much needed contribution to the history of this continent in general, and of the Iroquois confederacy in particular, during the seventeenth century.—*R. O. MacFarlane.*

THE VANISHING FRONTIER, by Philip H. Godsell. Illustrated. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1939.

TWENTY years with the Company in the North should provide enough material for several books. This is Mr. Godsell's third, but he is widely known also as a prolific contributor to magazines and newspapers in Canada, Britain, and the States. Keenly aware of the romantic side of the fur trade, the author kept his eyes and ears open as he travelled, intending perhaps to set down some of his experiences when his trading days were done. The result has been a large collection of wilderness tales, written by a man who joined the Company in 1906 and covered a great deal of Canada by canoe and dog-sled, studying its inhabitants, both white and red, with discernment and appreciation.

Strangely enough, the best story in the present collection, in the opinion of this reviewer, does not concern his early years with the Company. It is a comparatively modern tale about an aeroplane. In the aviation annals of Canada, the story of the homemade propeller, fashioned by the handyman of Fort Simpson from toboggan boards and moose-glue, is already famous. But Mr. Godsell, who was there at the time, lends to it the dramatic touch of the raconteur.

Though he is given to using too many adjectives, there are some fine descriptive passages, and the reader will remember for a long time such picturesque characters as Hornby, the hermit of the Barrens, and Friday, the pompous little half-breed at Trout Lake House, who would roar out orders in all directions and then carry them out himself.—*C.W.*

INDIAN LEGENDS OF AMERICAN SCENES, by Marion E. Gridley, M.A. Donohue & Company, Chicago and New York, 1939. 127 pages.

MARION E. Gridley is well known in the United States and elsewhere as the author of "Indians of Today," which is one of the few books published that have dealt with the problems of the American Indians from their own point of view. She is the secretary of the Indian Council Fire, an American organization devoted to the welfare of the Indian, and it is under the auspices of this society that this, her latest work, is published.

It is a collection of legends from various States of the Union and from Canada. There are three Canadian tales, two from the Pacific coast and the third from the Maritimes.

Most Indian stories are quite pointless—or so it seems to us. In essence they are an attempt on the part of the early red men to explain the phenomena of nature which were the handiwork of the gods or hero-warriors but it is sometimes difficult to understand why the Great Person should have gone to a great deal of trouble for no evident reason.

From the point of view of this reviewer the best part of the book is in the short sketches which explain in simple, concise language the history and culture of the bands which inhabited the various states of the Union.

There are twelve photographic illustrations, and all of these, with one exception, are rather highly coloured. The best illustrations are the line drawings of animals, birds and Indian scenes which are embodied in the text of the book.—*J. Allan Burgesse.*

KANGUK, A Boy of Bering Strait. As told to William Albee. Illustrated with Eskimo drawings by Kanguk himself. 116 pages. Little, Brown & Co., 1939.

THIS is ostensibly a boy's book; but besides being very readable from the adult viewpoint, it is packed with interesting and reliable information about the Eskimos of the Western Arctic.

The best way to read it is to examine the pictures by Kanguk carefully as you follow the story. The drawings are primitive—delightfully so—and exact down to the last detail. Even the colour of the whale blubber is correct!

Through William Albee, school teacher at Cape Prince of Wales, old Kanguk tells the tale of his boyhood, simply, charmingly, and often dramatically. He was a mighty hunter, and he possessed an excellent memory for detail, skill as an ivory carver (reflected in his sketches), and an eye for colour. With Mr. Albee's sympathetic treatment, the whole makes a very happy combination.

Boys will enjoy the tales of hunting the seal, whale, walrus, and polar bear, and girls the accounts of home and village life. Personally, this reviewer is going to keep *Kanguk* handy as a reference book on Western Arctic ethnology.—*C.W.*

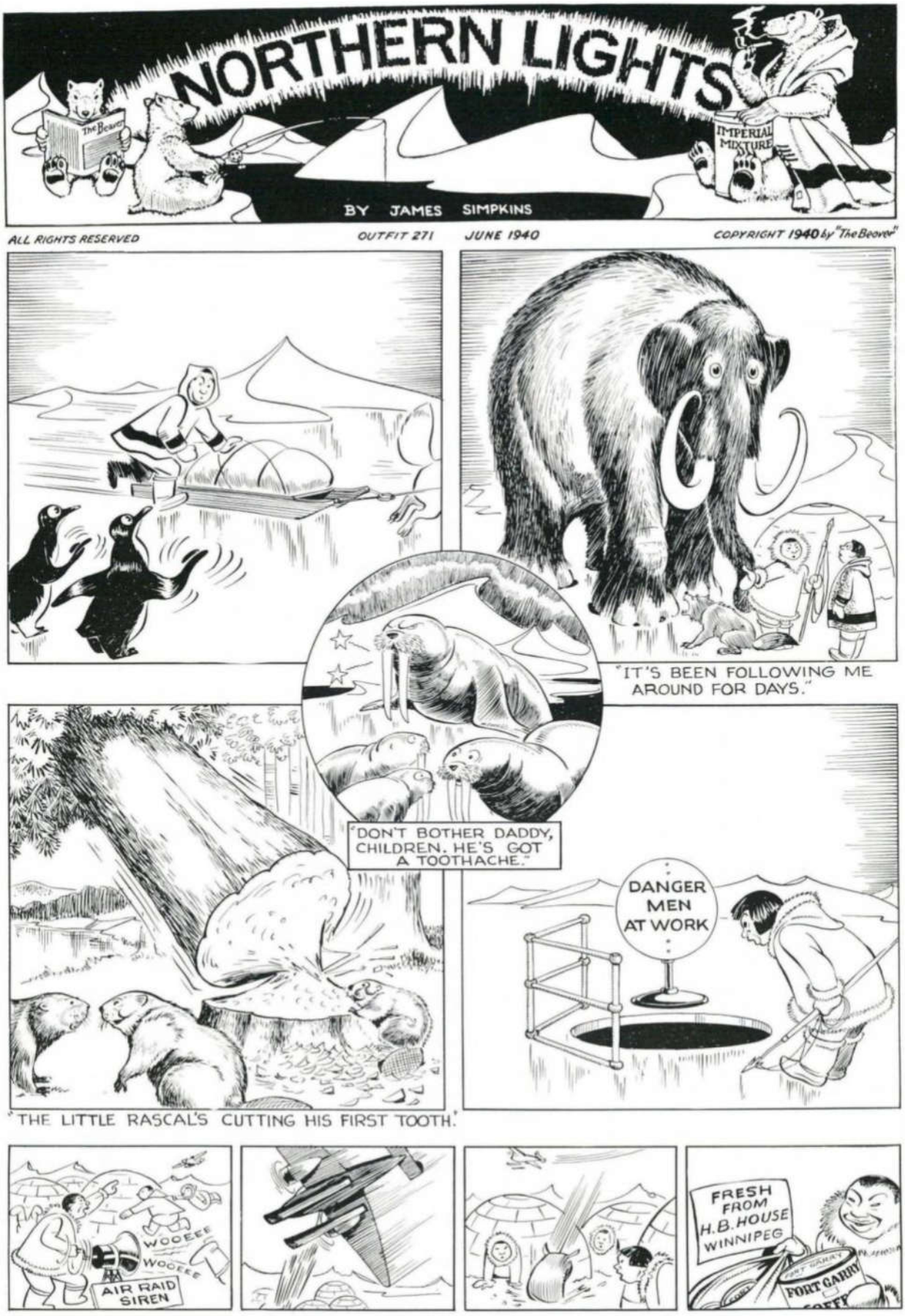
ADVENTURES, TRAVELS AND POLITICS. By A. C. Forster Boulton. 223 pages. Heath Cranton, Limited, London, 1939.

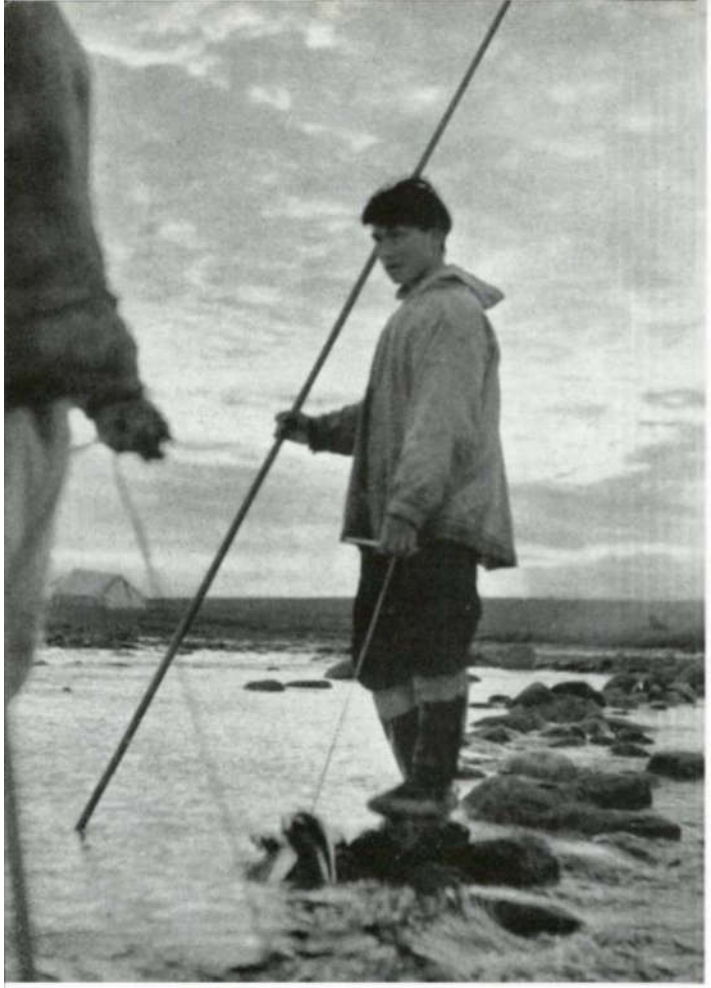
MR. BOULTON was born and educated in Ontario and practised law there before removing to England to be called to the English Bar and to enter Parliament. His very personal autobiography covers both phases, but since the Adventures and Travels were undertaken in Canada and the United States, the first part of the book has the greater interest for Canadians.

His adventures were mainly in the early days when he spent some time as a young man surveying in Western Canada for the steadily lengthening Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a straightforward account of camping outdoors, visiting Hudson's Bay Company forts, adventuring with Indians and arriving at frontier towns, now cities of Western Canada. As such, it has value as another personal account of travels through the West at that time but adds little to the common knowledge of most westerners.

When Mr. Boulton indulges in the very natural contrast of old and new in Western Canada, he is at his weakest, since it is obvious that he has not visited the West since his earliest travels, and it is admitted that he last visited Eastern Canada in 1930. It is strange to see Kenora referred to as Rat Portage and to be told that snowshoeing is rapidly surpassing skiing as a winter sport. Another gem is the pronouncement that Toronto is unique and "Montreal in another way is also unique, only more so"!

In one chapter, "Politics in Canada," Mr. Boulton indulges in the wildest of generalities, such as "The future of Canada is plain enough. There is room for fifty, perhaps one hundred millions of people," presented as a cold fact without any substantiation though the possible future population of Canada is one of the most contentious subjects of debate among Canadian sociologists.—*L.H.C.*


NORTHERN LIGHTS
BY JAMES SIMPKINS
The Beaver
IMPERIAL MIXTURE
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
OUTFIT 271
JUNE 1940
COPYRIGHT 1940 by "The Beaver"
"IT'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME AROUND FOR DAYS."
"DON'T BOTHER DADDY, CHILDREN. HE'S GOT A TOOTHACHE."
"THE LITTLE RASCAL'S CUTTING HIS FIRST TOOTH."
DANGER MEN AT WORK
WOOEEE
WOOEEE
AIR RAID SIREN
FRESH FROM H.B. HOUSE WINNIPEG
FORT GARRY



Arctic fisherman.

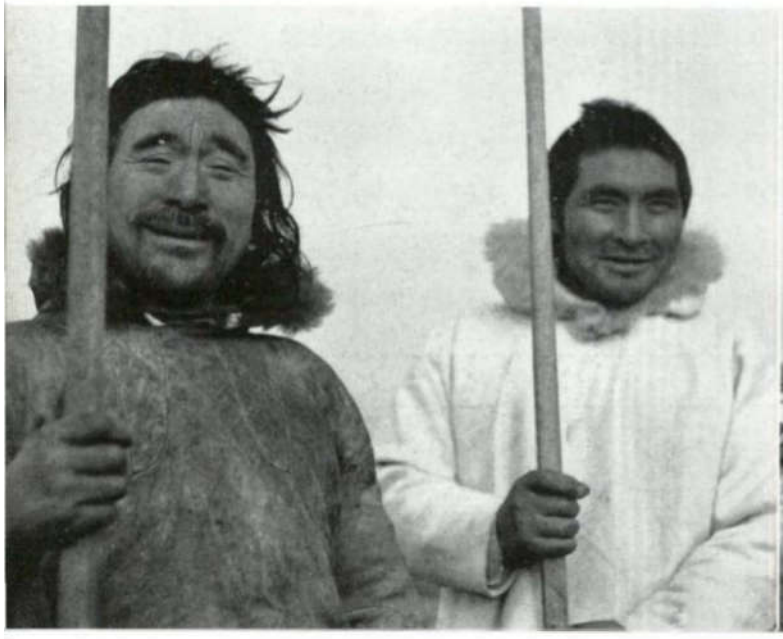
Fish Spearing

Photos by William Gibson

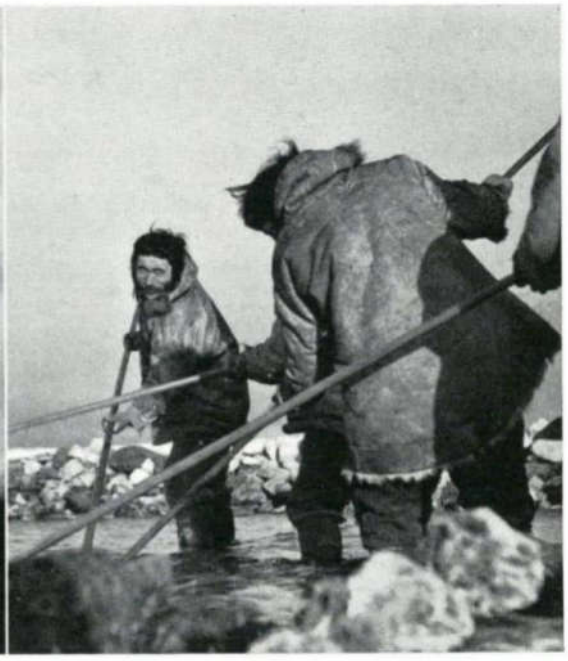
On the right is a sketch of an Eskimo "kuk-i-vuk" or fish spear from Hudson Bay, now in the Company's historical collection. It is made of wood and horn, and is about six feet long. The central spike has been broken and mended with sinew lashings, and the barbs and prongs are also attached with sinew. In the Central Arctic the barbs and spike are often made of native copper, but to-day throughout the Arctic they are generally of iron. The caribou horn prongs have enough resiliency to bend outward when the fish is struck.

Left: Jovial Eskimos stand ready for the fray with their fish spears.

Right: Oh-hood-lik exhibits a small one, while a friend removes another from his spear.



Missed that one but ——



—— got him this time!

Home at the day's end.

IN the multi-coloured Arctic evenings, after the ice has been driven from the brooks by the spring thaw, the trout hear the call of the roaring rapids and start their annual swim upstream to the quiet lakes above. The Eskimos, too, hear those rapids, and before long a whole camp starts out for the mouth of some fast-flowing stream. There they must work quickly, for during the few hours of low tide they have to build a large rock weir, box-shape, out from the high water mark and extending some distance into the stream. As the weir nears completion, the tide is well on the rise, and the natives wait expectantly, for with the mounting water come the trout.

At the top of the tide, excitement runs high, since the natives can see many trout swimming around within the weir. As the tide falls, the real fun begins. Men run out along the submerged walls and endeavour to keep the fish inside. Finally, as the rocks of the weir appear out of the water, the natives, each armed with a fish spear, leap joyfully into the trap.

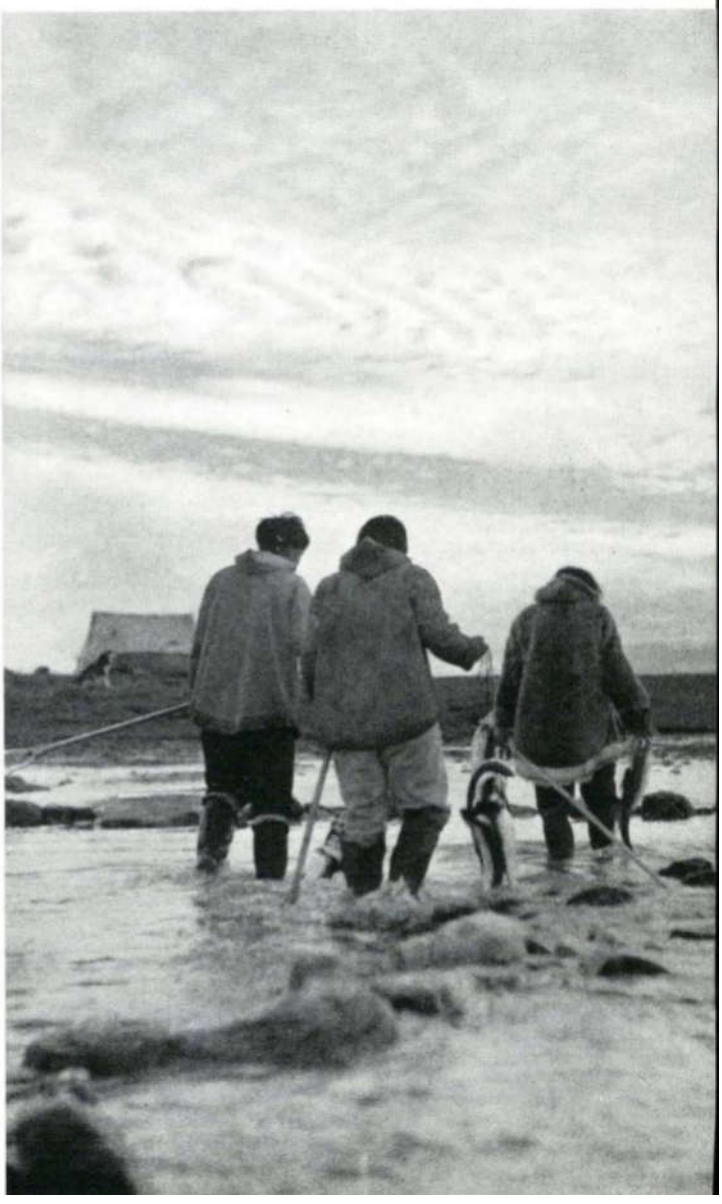
In they plunge, long spears jabbing, with shouts of triumph, grunts of disgust. Panting with the exertion, they stagger about, thrusting to right and left. Here and there one remains poised, a silhouette, graceful as a Grecian statue. All spears stab into the churning water. Silver fish twist and turn, dart fearfully away from those prodding prongs; but still the number of thrashing bodies increases on the belt-strings of the shouting hunters.

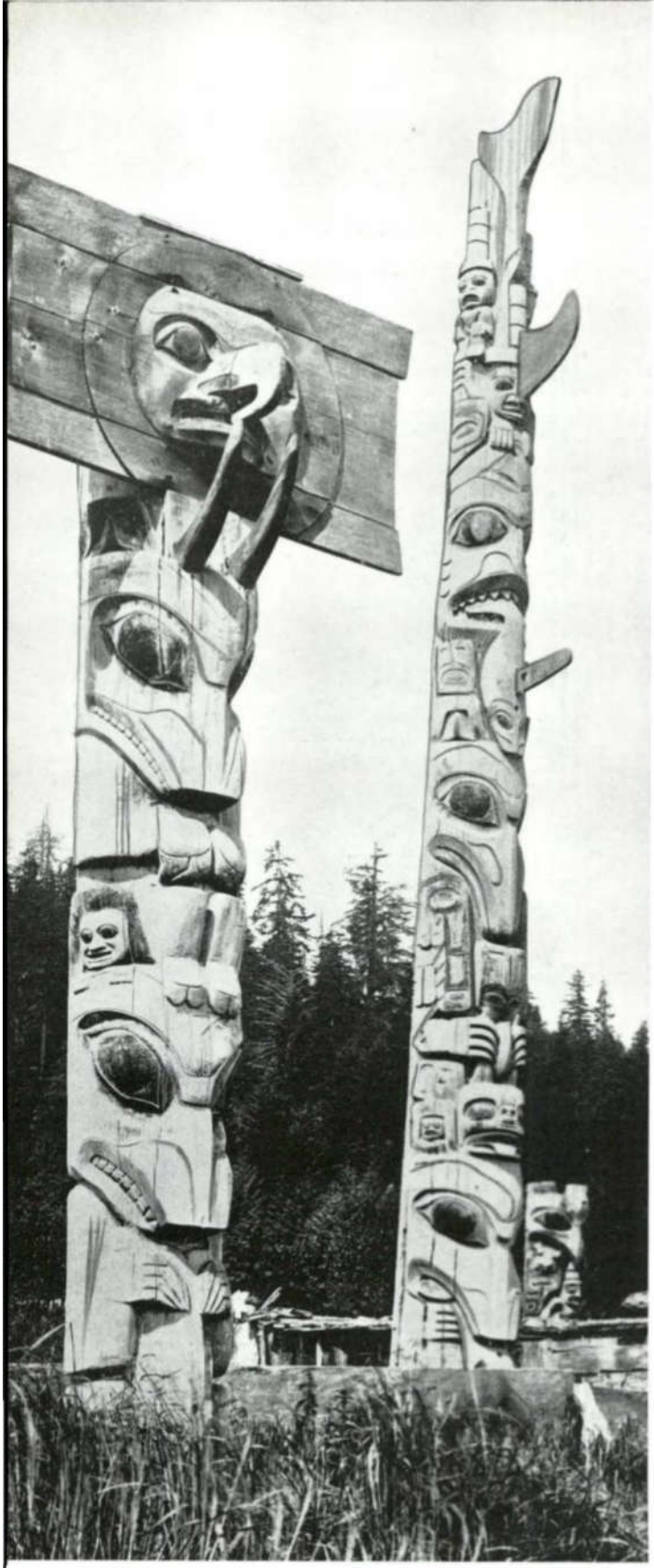
All too soon the sport is over, and each man slowly—almost dejectedly—wades ashore, dragging behind him a long line of beauties. But his dejection lasts only a moment; for, native fashion, all is forgotten when the waiting women start the moss fires in preparation for a meal of luscious, clay-baked trout.

Then there is nothing further for the men to do but sit down and, over a contemplative pipe, wait hungrily to taste the fruit of their labours.

—*"Kwee-enna"*

THE BEAVER, June 1940





Haida Poles at Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands.

TALKING STICKS

by A. R. Willis

The steel tools obtained from the fur-traders enabled the Indians to carve the great totem poles that have become the outstanding examples of Pacific Coast art.

THAT'S what the tourists call them, those boldly chiselled Indian totem poles of the British Columbia–Alaskan Coast. And that's what they are. They don't actually talk aloud, of course, but to the discerning observer they speak symbolically of the feelings and thoughts of the people they represent. They are the story-books of a primitive race who, for want of a written language, expressed themselves and their history in carved wood.

Totem poles are not, as is commonly supposed, pagan gods or demons, monuments of religious worship. Neither are they, as many believe, centuries upon centuries old. They are carved, not by crude stone and bone implements of native Indian design, but by axe, adze and knife, European tools. Yet, despite these disillusioning facts, they represent the peak of culture and craftsmanship of aboriginal art in North America, an art that flared up and died within the brief span of a century.

The poles are of two types, house poles and mortuary poles. Most of the early Spanish, English and French circumnavigators who visited the west coast of North America between 1775–1800, give evidence of the existence of house poles decorated in the style now familiar to us. Captain Meares, the English navigator who visited the west coast of Vancouver Island in 1788, gives a vivid description of one of the houses at Nootka.

"Three enormous trees, rudely carved and painted, formed the rafters, which were supported at the end and in the middle by gigantic images, carved out of huge blocks of timber. . . . The door by which we entered this extraordinary fabric was the mouth of one of these huge images, which, large as it may be supposed, was not disproportioned to the other features. We ascended by a few steps on the outside, and after passing this extraordinary kind of portal, descended down the chin. . . ."

After seeing some of the weird monsters the Indians carved on such poles, we can imagine the nervousness which Captain Meares must have felt after such an experience. But for the natives these poles held no particular reverence, and there was no ceremony attached to them such as the taboos connected with the sacred images of oriental temples, where a white man's carelessness might bring fatal wrath. Meares was quite safe. These house poles were simply posters, advertis-

ing to all and sundry certain established patrimonies and rights that had descended to the owner from the immemorial past.

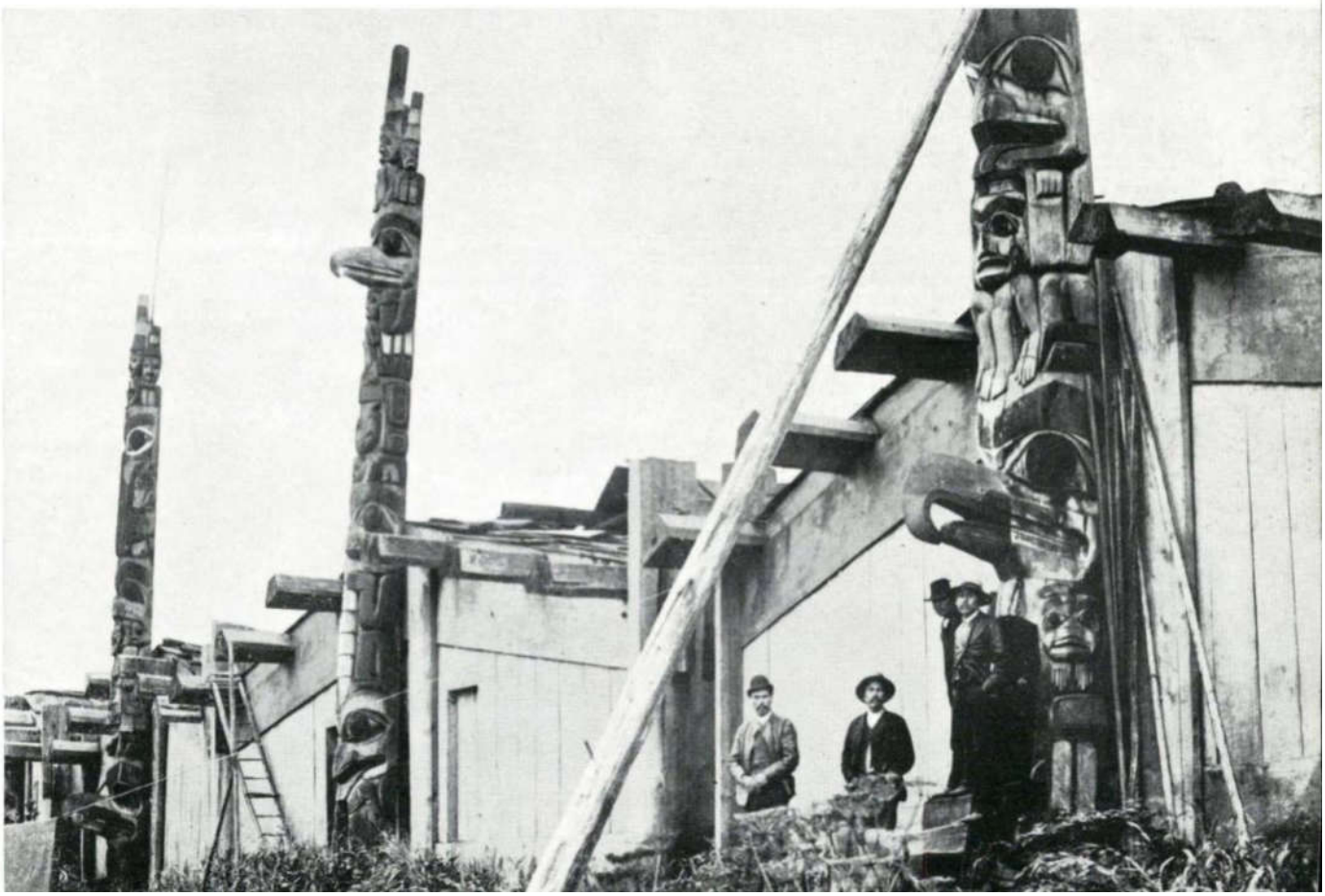
Since none of the early explorers mentioned the detached mortuary pole, or totem pole proper, we conclude that it was not in existence at that time. The custom of carving and erecting memorial columns to the dead is, therefore, confined to the nineteenth century, following the introduction by fur-traders of iron and steel tools. It would have been impossible for the natives, without the use of metal, to cut and handle the huge trees out of which some of these columns were fashioned, and it is doubtful if even the cruder carvings on house poles were executed without some use of iron. There is abundance of evidence to prove that they had iron and copper in their possession prior to Captain Meares' visit, supposedly from Russian traders or wrecked Japanese junks.

Granting that the taller monuments are of comparatively recent origin, they nevertheless take many of their designs and symbols from simpler, smaller prototypes. Small ceremonial objects such as masks, rattles, charms and trays, were common everywhere on the coast at the date of the earliest records. The totem poles are simply an elaboration of these and new designs, facilitated by the possession of European tools. That doesn't mean that they are merely tombstones made of wood, decorated according to fancy. They are partly that, but they incorporate a much deeper significance, and to understand the meanings of the carved symbols we must first know something of the social system of the people who created them. Totem poles are found only on the north Pacific coast, and chiefly among four racial groups: the Wakashans of Vancouver Island, the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands further north, the Tsimsyans of the Skeena and Nass Rivers, and the Tlingit of the southern end of the Alaskan panhandle. Each of these groups is subdivided into tribes and these, in turn, are made up of four distinct social and political entities. The smallest unit is the "household," composed strictly of grandparents, parents and children. Then there is the "family," which includes all blood relatives. Embracing a number of families are the "clans," and finally the federations of clans, which are political groups or "phratries."

Totem poles are not owned by the tribe as a group, but by the individual families, whose deceased leaders they commemorate. Only the nobility, the "Who's Who" of the families, are considered worthy of totem poles. But the crests, or heraldic emblems carved on the poles, are the property of the clan as a whole, and illustrate history and traditions, tribal recollections, familiar myths, all sorts of tribal memories. The ownership of these symbols, just like that of the heraldic crests of European aristocracy, is guarded jealously and handed down from generation to generation.

These symbols were originally acquired by the clans in one or more of a number of ways. They could be obtained by conquest of enemies, compensation for service, appropriated following the extinction of a family, or even traded. Then they were often established by myth and tradition. Since primitive man's chief interest is the practical necessity of obtaining food, or his defence against animals that threaten his safety, it is natural that the predominant theme of totem pole symbols should be animals and birds. Thus the bear, wolf, whale, raven and eagle, appear again and again on the totem poles along the Pacific coast. Sometimes, however, in obtaining useful species to eat, or defending himself against dangerous ones, the natural means of the aborigine fail, in which case he has recourse to the supernatural for assistance. His magical claims over any aspect of nature lead always

House poles of the Kwakiutl, northern Vancouver Island. Photo by W. Hanson Boorne about 1888. Copyright McGill University.



to an assertion of affinity or kinship between himself and the object controlled. So we often find totem pole symbols illustrating humans with animal features, or animals in human form. This explains some of the more original examples of the carvings.

It might be interesting to trace the origin of one of the more common poles, such as the Wolf Totem Pole at Prince Rupert, by describing in brief the principal legend explaining how the wolf was adopted for the family crest.

"One day, long years ago, a great lava eruption took place on the upper Nass River. The molten mass overwhelmed villages and fishing hamlets in its path, and the people fled to the hills. Among the fugitives was a chief named Gum-Lu-Gidis, who camped with his tribe on the highlands of the Shkamal River. After nightfall they were disturbed by weird sounds and the beating of distant tomtoms. Finally the chief could stand it no longer and he and his braves set out to investigate. What should they discover but the abode of the "Luluks" (Spirits of the Dead). Panic-stricken, the chief and his braves escaped, gathered their families together and fled the spot. They kept travelling down the coast until they reached an island known as Kaien Island (where Prince Rupert is now situated). Here they settled down, the terrors of the Nass supposedly behind them. But alas! The sleep of Gum-Lu-Gidis was disturbed again, this time by the doleful howling of wolves.

"Convinced that the spirits were still after him, the chief determined to meet his fate. Dressed in his ceremonial robes, his face painted, his long hair tied behind, he set out alone, armed with a tomahawk. Following the direction whence the sounds issued, Gum-Lu-Gidis came face to face with a large white wolf. He raised his tomahawk to defend himself, when he observed that the animal was in great pain from a sharp piece of deer bone which had pierced its jaw. Gum-Lu-Gidis removed the bone and the wolf became very friendly, following him back to the village like a dog. Henceforth, whenever the chief went hunting, the white wolf killed a deer for him, thus supplying him and his family with food. So Gum-Lu-Gidis adopted the white wolf for his *Ayouks* (crest), and in his ceremonial dances always wore a white wolf skin robe."

The application of this imagery was first evidenced, as has been stated, on small objects such as ceremonial masks and household utensils, then graduated to house pole carvings of little significance, until, after the benefits of the fur trade, it reached its climax in both size and importance on the detached funeral memorials that are the totem poles proper as we know them. This application was essentially sculptural, in high and low relief, enhanced by colours or external additions for the sake of realism. It was, too, essentially individual, and the carvers were the writers, artists, and historians of their time. The procedure followed in carving and erecting one of these poles, however, was governed by certain rules, restrictions and ceremonies.

Following the decease of a family "chief," the relatives nominated the successor most capable of assuming the high office of the departed. Then a suitable tree, a red cedar, was selected, felled, and hauled to the village. The paternal relatives took charge of this work, and were fed and entertained during its progress by members of the immediate family. If, as often happened, the total expense of this first operation exhausted their resources, the log was left uncarved for a year, or until the family coffers were refilled. Then the carver was hired. Not every artist could be invited to carve a pole. He had to be selected from among the relatives of the deceased. The carving was done under shelter, as secretly as possible, and the figures were selected by the owners of the pole from among their several crests. The greater their wealth and the higher the rank of the deceased, the taller the pole and the more elaborately was it decorated. The poles varied in size from fifteen to as high as sixty feet, and there was great rivalry between families to outdo one another in originality, size and expression.

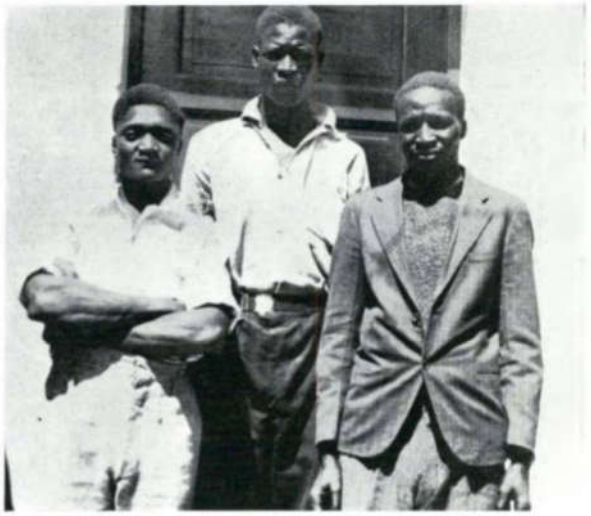
The carver took from six months to a year to complete a pole. After chiselling out the figures, he painted the pole with various pigments made from charred bone, red, yellow and brown ochres, and blue from copper oxide. Fish oil was used to mix the pigments, and brushes made of feathers or hair to lay them on. These artists had the secret of fast colours, for the paint on many of these poles has remained well preserved in the moisture-laden atmosphere of the Pacific coast for half a century. After the carver's work was finished, he was paid in guns, blankets, skins, and other kind, up to as high as $500 in money value for his work. This often meant postponement of erection of the pole for another year, to allow the family finances to recuperate.

When sufficient wealth and food were accumulated, invitations were dispatched far and wide for a *yaok* (festival). Several tribes gathered for the event, and amid much pageantry, singing and ritualistic dancing, the procedure of erection began. A hole was first dug in front of the house of the deceased, and the butt of the pole sunk in a trench leading to it. The smaller end was raised on wooden props and then ropes of twisted cedar bark were attached to the top and thrown over a high supporting frame. Sufficient members of the gathering united to raise the pole erect.

This marked the initiation of the deceased chief's successor, and was climaxed by a big "potlatch" or giving-away feast, at which all members present received gifts before returning to their lodges. It was never the custom to mend or transplant a pole, however precarious its condition might become throughout the years, as this operation would involve the whole expensive ceremonial process of its first erection. Once the pole fell to the ground it was either left there to decay or was cut up and burnt as firewood.

The art of carving and the attendant ceremonials began to die out at the beginning of the present century, following the onrush of civilization up the coast. Many groups of poles were destroyed in the course of hysterical religious adoptions of the banners of Christianity. Many have fallen to the ground in decay, some have been sold and removed to museums or public parks. On original locations a few remain among the Haida of the Queen Charlotte Islands, the Gitksan tribe of the Skeena River, and at Alert Bay, off the north end of Vancouver Island. Some of the Tlingit poles on the Alaskan coast are being preserved at Ketchikan by the United States Department of Education, and there are Canadian collections at Prince Rupert, Stanley Parkin Vancouver, and in the provincial museum at Victoria.

The author acknowledges the assistance he has received from the prolific writings on this subject of Dr. Marius Barbeau, National Museum, Ottawa.



"From Greenland's icy mountains—" (more or less). Tukko, Mikyuk, and Charlie live on Hudson Bay. Joseph, Peter, and Willie live at Windhoek, South West Africa. All are servants of the Honourable Company.

New doorway at the Winnipeg offices.

Arctic transportation. CF-BMI and Fort Ross.

Several reasons why the Winnipeg store is a popular place to shop. A staff party in the Beaver Club rooms.

A mug-up on the Arctic coast. Left to right: W. Copland, R. H. Chesshire, Paul Davoud, Jerry Buchan, Dunc. McLaren, W. Gibson. BMI in the background.

NEWS of the FUR TRADE

London Office News

Work in all departments continues at high pressure with a depleted staff, and under the conscription measures the calling-up of further members of the staff is expected from time to time.

Captain G. E. Mack, whose name is a household word to members of the Fur Trade Department in Canada, and particularly in the Arctic, recently called upon us and we were glad to learn that he had been granted a commission as lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, and is now hunting submarines. It will be recalled that Captain Mack was in command of the *Nascopie* when she rammed and sank a submarine during the last war. "The Beaver" knitters at the London Head Office are hard at work producing woollen comforts for Lieutenant Mack, but sometimes wish that the dimensions were rather less "outsize"!

We are glad to record that, despite difficulties arising under war conditions, we have completed and published volume II—"Colin Robertson's Correspondence Book"—from the Company's records, which has been issued to members of the Hudson's Bay Record Society.

In December last, we learnt with regret of the death of Professor R. C. Clark, of the University of Oregon, who had accepted an invitation to write the introduction to Volume IV of our records relating to the Company's association with Oregon.

Considerable interest was created in the London fur trade centres by our first auction in January of "platina foxes," which are produced in Scandinavia, particularly in view of the record price of $11,000 realized in New York by a particularly fine specimen, which, however, appears to have been run up to that amount by competing advertising concerns.

Our good wishes are extended to J. Bartlett, in charge of the warehouse office at Beaver House, who was married to Miss J. McLaren of the transfer department in December last. Also to D. C. M. Nash, also of the warehouse office.

The Governor and Committee have decided, in spite of the war, to again entertain at luncheon Canadian and Newfoundland scholars in residence at the University of Oxford, on April 18, when the principal guest will be Major-General A. G. L. McNaughton, G.O.C., 1st Canadian Division, C.A.S.F.

At the meeting of the Governor and Committee on April 10, the Governor presented long service medals to the following: J. Chadwick Brooks, secretary; J. Marr, assistant accountant; R. Carder-Geddes, technical staff, Fur Department; F. G. Downes, fur warehouse; C. Folke, senior, fur warehouse.

The attention of the staff of the Archives Department is mainly devoted to preparing material for publication by the Hudson's Bay Record Society, as the greater part of the records have been transferred to the country. Professor Marcel Giraud paid several visits during February and March to the department to continue his research in connection with the history of the half-breeds of the western provinces of Canada.

A list of the London staff members who have enrolled in the various services is given below.

Name		Rank
Berry, E. G.	R.N.V.R.	A.B.
Berry, G. W.	R.A.S.C.	Driver
Burrows, J. W. P.	Queen's Westminster Rifles	L. Corpl.
Butcher, F.	R.A.F., Balloon Barrage	L.A.C.
Cassin, G. C.	R.A.	Sergeant
Corner, H. J.	R.A.	Gunner
Davis, E. P.	Div. Signals	Signalman
Edney, F.	R.A.	B.Q.M.S.
Evans, G.W.H.	R.A.F.	A.C. 2
Frayling, A.F.	H.A.C.	L. Bombardier
Gardner, B.G.W.	R.A.S.C.	Q.M.S.
Garratt, J.W.	R.A.S.C.	Driver
Harris, P. J.	R.A.S.C.	Sergeant
Hughes, C. H.	R.A.	Gunner
Jenkins, J. H.	R.M.	Sergeant
Johnson, E. G.	R.A.S.C.	L. Corporal
Johnson, W. F.	R.A.S.C.	Driver
Jones, E. A.	R.A.	Gunner
Jones, J. Ryder	R.A.	2nd Lt.
Lawry, D. M.	R.N.V.R.	A.B.
Le Grove, J. C.	R.A.F., Balloon Barrage	A.C. 1
Leveson-Gower, R.	Rly. Transport	Captain
Lisk, A. H.	R.A.S.C.	L. Sergeant
Lubbock, M. R.	2nd Armoured Signals	2nd Lt.
Morley, E. W.	R.N.V.R.	A.B.
Onslow, W.	R.N.R.	Stoker-Mechanician
Pullen, A. F.	R.N.R.	L. Sergeant
Rudd, W. R.	Queen's Westminster Rifles	Rifleman
Rutherford, B.	R.A.S.C.	Driver
Sach, J.	R.A.S.C.	Private
Shirley, H. B.	R.A.S.C.	Corporal
Smith, E. F.	A.A.	Gunner
Thompson, G. E.	R.A.S.C.	L. Corporal
Willacy, H. W.	Royal Corps of Signals	Signalman
Willis, C. F.	R.A.S.C.	Corporal
Wonnall, M. H.	Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regt.	Captain

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

During March the Fur Trade Commissioner travelled west, visiting Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria. At the coast, he saw Chief Factor C. H. French, William Ware, E. J. Riley, H. M. S. Cotter and John Henry, pensioners all. The Commissioner visited Ottawa and Montreal in April and in May.

Paul Davoud and Dunc. McLaren flew BMI into British Columbia and the Yukon in February, accompanied by J. Milne, A. M. Jones and R. R. Graham, all from our Edmonton offices.

In March BMI (crew: Paul Davoud, Dunc. McLaren and Jerry Buchan) took the Mackenzie River route down to the Western Arctic, flying north to Holman Island, Victoria Land, east to Perry River, west to Aklavik and Tuktuk, touching all intermediate points.

In April, R. H. G. Bonnycastle, together with R. S. Carey, personal superintendent of the Winnipeg Retail Store, visited Toronto, Kingston and Montreal in connection with employment. They attended an interesting personnel conference at Queen's University in Kingston, and while there, Mr. Bonnycastle joined up with Leonard Butler from F.T.C.O. to attend an organization meeting of the Canadian Conservation Association. Mr. Bonnycastle was elected to the Council of the Association.

Leonard Butler spent an interesting three days during March attending the North American Wildlife Conference in Washington, D.C.

D. E. Denmark has just returned to the office after spending March and April at Steeprock and Cumberland House. At Cumberland House, Mr. Denmark supervised the taking off of an experimental crop of rats from the private lease. He reports the canals were operating during the spring flood and took in a great deal of water to raise the water level in the area under development. William Blowey took off the first catch of rats this year at Steeprock.

The 1940 radio station installation programme began with the departure of George Horner on April 29 for Waterways and other western points. He expects to remain there until the end of June, when he will return east right across country to Shelburne, Nova Scotia, to board James

Bay District's new schooner *Fort Charles*. From this schooner, whose maiden voyage will take her through Hudson Straits down into Hudson and James Bays, Mr. Horner will be busy on the air contacting our private commercial radio stations, until he disembarks at Moosonee.

Dune McLaren of the air transport staff has been promoted to pilot, and during May was busy in Montreal taking delivery of the Company's new inspection plane—a single engine Beechcraft, CF-BHA.

George M. Morrison, Toronto, has recently joined the Fur Trade in the accounts section of the F.T.C.O. A newcomer to Winnipeg Depot is Dougald McDonald, while Jerry Buchan, Edmonton, is our new air engineer.

J. H. Berg of British Columbia District left the fur trade in April to take service with the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve. We wish him all good luck. Wilfred Finch of the Royal Canadian Navy writes from Prince Rupert, B.C., where he is now stationed as a full-fledged telegraphist. After a period of service at sea, Naval Lieut. Jim Donald is now stationed ashore in Halifax, N.S. Bob McDowall, formerly of Winnipeg Depot and now with the Royal Canadian Air Force, is stationed in Ottawa, Ontario, while W. E. C. Tutching with the Royal Canadian Signal Corps is in Kingston, Ontario.

Early in May, Bill Alston of the Winnipeg Depot was transferred to Mackenzie Island post.

George Wright of the Winnipeg Raw Fur Department was recently transferred to Peace River to assist Charlie Wilson there during the busy season. Bill McNeill of Regina, completing his first season with the Raw Fur Department, has left to join the Mackenzie River Transport for the summer.

Captain Smellie left Winnipeg the end of April for the East to complete preparations for another *Nascopie* voyage.

Ralph Ingram and Jack Kimpton, both of F.T.C.O., were transferred to Edmonton in March, and R. W. Murray returned to F.T.C.O. in April after five months in the Edmonton office.

This year, all post libraries will be supplied with fifty titles each in the Penguin and other reprint series. These embrace a wide range of subject matter—current events, travel, adventure, crime and detective fiction. In addition, a copy of the "Canadian Cook Book" is going to each post this year, and another highly useful book on carpentry, entitled "The Home Workshop," containing a great range of practical information particularly valuable at a northern post. Another selection is a volume entitled "Mathematics Made Easy." Besides containing some worth-while instruction for the reader, there is also a section devoted to entertainment and recreation.

The Company is supplying all its northern staff with the special vitamin mineral tablets for Outfit 271. 50,000 of these were distributed during last winter, and very favourable reports received as to their results. This summer a special illustrated booklet entitled "Your Food and Health in the North," prepared for the Company by Dr. Tisdall and his associates, will be sent to all posts. It will be accompanied by a "Household Manual for H B C Posts" containing many useful notes on food available in the North, its storage, preparation, menus for meals and other household suggestions.

This year the Company will send a special dentist on the *Nascopie* voyage to treat the men and women at the posts requiring dental attention.

Many post managers have already experimented with gardening in the North, but many others have yet to take the first step. By the time this *Beaver* appears, a special manual on gardening in the North will have gone out to all posts. As a result, we expect to see some keen rivalry amongst northern gardeners. Plenty of comments on the manual and post gardening problems are wanted.

Western Arctic District

During the winter months, an inspection of several Western Arctic posts was carried out by W. Gibson, who left Fort Ross on December 28 by dog team and arrived at Coppermine March 4, visiting all intermediate points. The distance travelled is approximately 1,250 miles. Travelling conditions were exceptionally hard, owing to lack of dogs following an epidemic. Mr. Gibson is at present enjoying a brief holiday in civilization, and will return to the Western Arctic as inspector, with headquarters at Coppermine.

Combining an inspection of Mackenzie River and Western Arctic posts, the Company Beechcraft CF-BMI arrived at Coppermine on March 23, with Messrs. Chesshire, Copland and Gavin on board, in addition to the aeroplane personnel, Messrs. Davoud, McLaren and Buchan. An inspection visit was carried out at Holman Island and Read Island, returning to Coppermine the same day. Due to open water in the vicinity of Prince Albert Sound, fog conditions were severe. While en route to Cambridge Bay, two forced landings were necessary owing to fog, and the party spent a night in an igloo in Wellington Bay, arriving at Cambridge early the next morning.

After a short delay the 'plane proceeded to Perry River, where a staff transfer was affected, Angus Gavin relieving R. R. McIsaac. C. Larson, who had arrived at Perry River from King William Land by dog team, joined the party on his way out for medical attention. Returning to Cambridge, the party spent their fourth night on the Arctic coast.

The following day, proceeding direct to Bathurst Inlet, R. R. McIsaac took charge of that post, relieving W. F. Joss, who is at present en route to King William Land, where he will relieve E. Donovan, who is due for furlough. Continuing to Coppermine, full advantage was taken of ideal weather and flying conditions, and Fort Norman was reached at dusk.

At Aklavik two members of the Fort Ross crew were picked up—J. M. Piercey, who had arrived at Aklavik by C.A.L. 'plane, and Red McBryan. The first attempt to reach Tuktuk was unsuccessful, owing to the dense coastal fog belt, but conditions improved the following day and an inspection of the post and the M.V. *Fort Ross* was carried out.

Messrs. Adey and Starkes, wintering members of the ship's company, reported everything well with the vessel.

Mrs. J. E. Sidgwick accompanied the party back to Aklavik, where she will remain until open water.

Conditions on the coast have been very good in many respects; meat has been plentiful, so that the natives have been well supplied, but fur was very scarce. Freak weather conditions have been reported from many points.

British Columbia District

From February 19 to March 8 the Company's plane CF-BMI cruised over British Columbia and the Yukon. The passengers included J. Milne, district manager, A. M. Jones and R. R. Graham from district office. P. Y. Davoud piloted the ship, while D. McLaren acted as engineer.

The following posts were visited: Fort St. John, Fort Nelson, Nelson Forks, Fort Liard, N.W.T., Liard Lower post, B.C., Whitehorse, Fort Selkirk, Stewart River, Telegraph Creek, McDames Creek, Fort Ware, Fort Grahame, McLeod's Lake, Fort St. James and Tacla. It was intended to visit Babine and Old Fort but poor ice conditions made landings at these points unsafe.

Mr. Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, was a visitor to the office during March when on an inspection trip which took him as far west as Vancouver and Victoria. During his visit the Commissioner, on behalf of the Fur Trade staff, presented Mr. W. Watson with a handsome wrist watch as a token of appreciation of his services. Mr. Watson recently resigned as manager of the Edmonton depot to go into business on his own.

R. W. Murray of Fur Trade Commissioner's office, who spent the last few months in Edmonton, has returned to Winnipeg to again take up his duties there.

C. H. J. Winter, who for some time past has been in temporary charge of Fort St. James, is at present on a trip of inspection to British Columbia line posts.

We are expecting another visit from Mr. Horner in June, at which time it is planned to install radio stations at Tacla, Babine and Dease Lake.

It is with great regret that we record the death late in March of J. J. Maroney, school teacher at Babine, of which place he was a resident for many years. Mr. Maroney was a great friend and fatherly adviser to many of the Company men in the British Columbia district, and we all join in extending our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Maroney and the family in their sad bereavement.

Sir Hubert Wilkins, the explorer, passed through Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, early in March en route to Nome, Alaska. A talk on his travels given by him at Whitehorse was very well attended and much appreciated by the local residents.

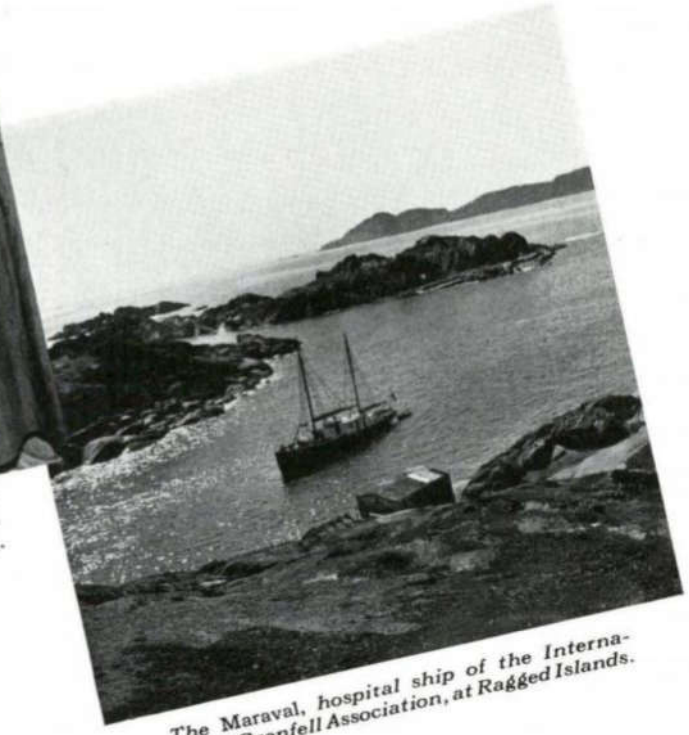
Freighting arrangements for the coming season are well under way, and as there is a good depth of snow in the mountains no difficulties are anticipated in the form of low water.

We welcome to the district Andrew Reid, who has just returned from a long furlough and is proceeding to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, to take charge of that post.

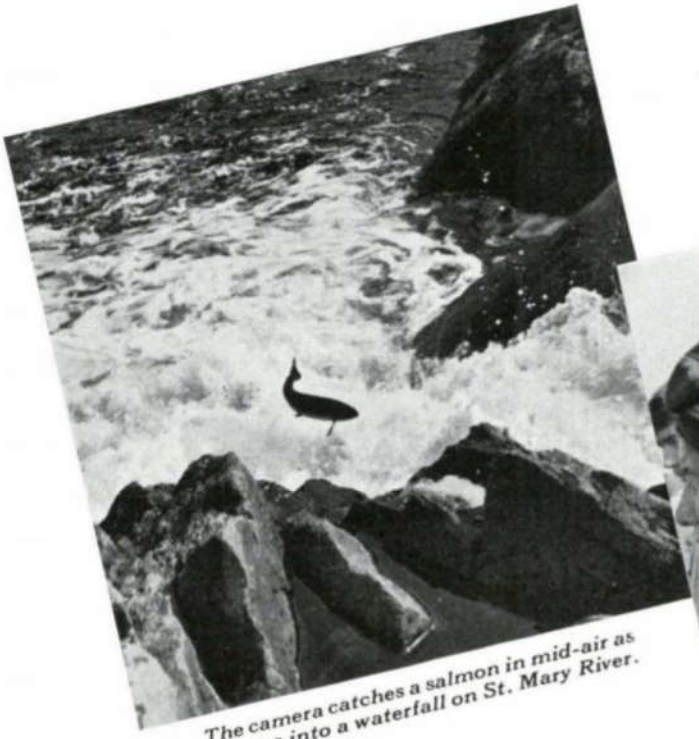
LABRADOR PHOTOS

by I. HUSTICH, HELSINKI

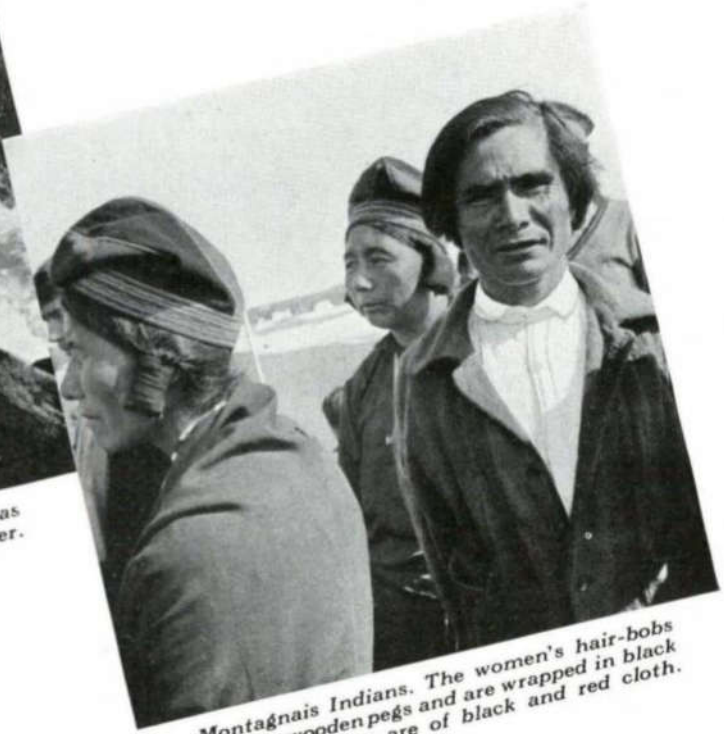
A Montagnais woman in typical "Liberty" cap shows what is inside her tent at Northwest River. Note the sewing machine.



The Maraval, hospital ship of the International Grenfell Association, at Ragged Islands.



The camera catches a salmon in mid-air as it leaps into a waterfall on St. Mary River.



Montagnais Indians. The women's hair-bobs contain wooden pegs and are wrapped in black braid. The caps are of black and red cloth.

Nelson River District

District Manager W. E. Brown visited Cat Lake, Bearskin Lake, Trout Lake, and Big Beaver House during March, and Gillam, Wabowden, and Churchill during April. With the exception of J. Harvey, of Caribou post, all members of the staff and their families were reported to be in good health.

J. Harvey, manager of Caribou post, was relieved by M. T. Allen in order that he might proceed to Winnipeg for medical attention. After undergoing medical treatment he will proceed on furlough.

J. W. Mason recently spent a week in the hospital at The Pas, but is now back on the job at Sand Lake.

William Cromarty, Company pensioner from Trout Lake, was a patient in St. Boniface Hospital for several weeks in March. After undergoing an operation there he was transferred to Sioux Lookout Hospital for convalescence. It is hoped that he will have a speedy recovery and will soon rejoin his family at Trout Lake.

The past quarter has been very quiet with little news of interest from the various posts in the district. The only highlight was the capture of a polar bear cub at Cape Churchill by Henry Johnson. The cub was shipped to Calgary and was presented to the Calgary Zoological Society by the Company's Retail Store at that point.

We welcome into the district: J. A. Rodgers, J. J. Wood and G. E. E. Miles. Messrs. Rodgers and Wood are temporarily attached to the district and are at Wabowden and Nelson House respectively, while Mr. Miles is now stationed at Trout Lake.

Labrador District

The finding of the three bodies of the Davidson party near Island Harbour, Labrador, in March, was reported to us by the manager at Hopedale post. Davidson with his companions, Cote and Fecteau, left Seven Islands by 'plane in September for North West River and were not heard of until the discovery of their bodies by a trapper in whose tilt they had taken refuge. Our manager at Makkovik later gave us more details as he accompanied the local ranger to the scene to help him out in his investigations. Their 'plane was grounded about two miles from the tilt, it was practically undamaged, but with empty fuel tanks. Messrs. Davidson and Cote were well known at some of our Labrador posts.

On March 13 a Dominion Skyways 'plane with Pilot Ressiguier and two mechanics, and C. K. Trim as passenger, arrived at North West River. On the 14th they again took off for Island Harbour to bring out the bodies of Messrs. Davidson, Cote and Fecteau and returned on the 17th sometime after dark, but made a successful landing on the ice.

We were glad to receive mail from Southern Labrador posts which was brought along by aeroplane, some of which was dated quite recently. The greater part of the winter mail is still en route or possibly held up somewhere south of Battle Harbour waiting open water.

The Newfoundland sealing voyage is nearing its close for another season. It is estimated that the catch will be in the vicinity of 140,000 pelts.

We regret to record the death of Eric Williams at Port Hope Simpson in Labrador during the winter. He and his infant daughter were both burnt to death when he attempted to rescue the child from the burning home. Mr. Williams was a native of Cardiff.

It is understood that Dr. Tony Padden, now doing interneship in a New York hospital will succeed his late father, Dr. H. Padden, as medical officer for the International Grenfell Association at North West River.

It has been an unusually mild winter in Labrador, and as spring is reported to be fully a month ahead of time we expect an early opening of navigation to the coast.

We are now preparing for the coming season's transport to Labrador and Ungava Bay posts. The *Fort Garry* is scheduled to sail on her first trip on May 21, ice conditions permitting.

A great deal of competition is being taken by our respective post staffs in wireless proficiency and some ingenious means have been adapted to make believe they are on the air.

In the Rigolet post diary of November 7 last, reference is made to the celebration of Cooper James Dickers' seventy-third birthday. "Although James has been officially retired for a few years he is still hale and hearty and on the job as promptly every day with as much zeal for his work as ever. Actually James has concluded sixty-three years of service and if he could have all those years handed back to him again, I am sure he would be glad to re-live them in the Company's service. Men like James Dickers are rare nowadays."

Ungava District

After conducting extensive scientific and exploratory work over a period of some eighteen months in the interior of Baffin Island, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Manning returned to Dorset early in January. We learn that Mr. and Mrs. Manning are well and that they plan to return to civilization this summer either from Cape Dorset or from Igloolik.

We were quite pleasantly surprised to receive an unexpected winter mail from Fort McKenzie on February 7. The Quebec Airways aeroplane in search of the Davidson party, lost since last September, arrived at Fort McKenzie in the course of the search on January 30 last. As far as we are aware this is the first aeroplane to visit Fort McKenzie.

At Troy, N.Y., on March 9, the wedding of Miss E. A. Lundy and O. M. Demment took place. The happy couple left soon thereafter for a honeymoon trip, motoring as far south as New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Demment, accompanied by Miss Marion Buell, arrived in Winnipeg on April 19, where they have taken up residence until the time of the northern voyage. Miss Buell spent a short time in Winnipeg and returned to her home in Rochester, N.Y.

From the Senneterre base of Dominion Skyways Limited, an aeroplane trip was made as far north as Povungnetuk. The Norseman 'plane CF-AYO, pilot S. L. Hill, and engineer W. C. Boone, was chartered for the occasion, and left Senneterre on March 27. The first call was Rupert's House, where, after refuelling, the 'plane proceeded to Fort George on the evening of the 27th, where the party remained overnight. The next day was not a profitable travelling day, for unfavourable weather prevented the party from getting beyond Great Whale River. On Friday, the 29th, an attempt was made to fly to Port Harrison, but thick weather necessitated the return to Great Whale River, where the 'plane was grounded on the 30th and 31st by adverse weather conditions. April 1, however, was a very fine day and the party was able to proceed from Great Whale River to Port Harrison, where refuelling was done, and thence to Povungnetuk. The return from Povungnetuk to Port Harrison was made on the evening of the 3rd, but two days' heavy weather prevented the departure from Port Harrison until Saturday, April 6, when the flight was made from that post to Rupert's House with one stop at Great Whale River for fuel. After staying overnight at Rupert's House, the final flight was made from Rupert's House to Senneterre on the morning of the 7th.

In addition to District Manager J. W. Anderson, inward passengers were Messrs. J. G. Cormack and P. J. Soper, the former to relieve F. Melton in temporary charge of Povungnetuk, and the latter to be assistant to J. S. C. Watt at Rupert's House for the next few months. Outward passengers included Mr. and Mrs. F. Melton from Povungnetuk, who are at present on furlough in Toronto, and N. M. Roberts from Port Harrison, who is spending his vacation in Montreal, before returning north in the summer.

At the posts visited we found that in common with most parts of Canada a mild winter had been experienced. At Port Harrison, baby Brenda Fraser was looking particularly well, and is indeed a very healthy Arctic baby. Master David Carmichael of Great Whale River is now nearly three years old, and is already taking a great deal of interest in outdoor activities, including the driving of dog-teams.

On March 30 a son was born to Mrs. J. A. Tom, who is spending the winter in southern Ontario. The news was conveyed by air to her husband, Post Manager J. A. Tom, who is at present at Wolstenholme.

From overseas we learn that explorer Pat Baird was married recently to Jill Bray, and that they have been honeymooning at Cambridge. Bill Ford has been in the hospital recovering from two bad attacks of flu, while Jack Ford keeps in very good health and spirits and making good progress in the specialist's course.

After four operations during the winter, Post Manager A. T. Swaffield is well on the road to recovery and expects to be very fit before undertaking the northern voyage.

Saskatchewan District

With the tail-end of another winter very close at hand, and with the approach of spring, the one subject of conversation at posts throughout the district is now "rats." While these notes are being written our hunters are already out in the swamps gathering in what purports to be the largest spring hunt we have experienced for some years.

On a flying visit to some of the eastern posts last week, we found Messrs. Scott, Charlton and Learmonth of Island Lake, God's Lake and Norway House, busy stretching green muskrats which had been brought in. This is a regular spring job and keeps post managers well occupied, especially when the hunt gets under way.

Since our last issue, District Manager R. A. Talbot has visited Montreal Lake, Stanley, Lac la Ronge, Souris River, Pine River, Isle a la Crosse, Clear Lake, Buffalo River, Beauval, Green Lake, Deer Lake, Island Lake, God's Lake, Norway House, Berens River and Little Grand Rapids posts. Most of the travelling was accomplished by air, although Isle a la Crosse post was reached by truck by way of Green Lake and Beauval, this being the first time the new road was tried.

Trucks and "cats" are now the order of the day in the western sector of the district, and it is no uncommon sight to see trucks as far north as Buffalo Lake and Pine River. A considerable quantity of fish has been freighted south from these points by both trucks and caterpillars during the winter.

We welcome the return of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. M. Collins to the district and also extend a welcome to Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Morgan, late of Nelson River district. Mr. Collins has returned to Island Lake post, his old stamping ground, and Mr. Morgan is taking charge of Rossville.

J. A. Slater has been transferred from Fort Alexander to Deer Lake and W. A. Smith, late of Churchill, has taken charge of Pine Bluff outpost for the spring.

Our congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Gourley of Buffalo River, and also to Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Morgan of Rossville, on the arrival of daughters on November 14 and April 18 respectively.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Goldie of South Reindeer Lake post had rather an unpleasant experience late last fall. Deciding to take the mail to Rocky Falls, some six miles from the post, they left by canoe early one afternoon and journeyed about half way when their motor flooded while in fast water through trying to avoid a rock, and they were forced ashore and became windbound. After failing to get their engine started, they decided to walk overland, and walked until quite late at night, when they were forced to camp. Being without either food or bedding, their night was not very comfortable. They recommenced their trek early next morning, and it was not until six in the evening that they were located by Messrs. Olson and Douglas of the Churchill River Power Company. With clothes badly torn and more or less worn out, they were back at the post that night and, except for tired muscles, apparently none the worse for their experience.

Post Manager W. W. Lowrie of Pelican Narrows also tempted the fates about the same time, and was fortunate in reaching his post with no more than a good wetting. Leaving Flin Flon on October 28, he and his guides were caught by the freeze-up on Beaver Lake. They attempted to reach the post by walking overland and succeeded on the seventh day. As his diary says: "Seven days out on a three-day ration creates a tiredness of eating rabbit."

Post Manager Goldie of South Reindeer Lake lost his ice chisel while lifting nets through the ice late in February, and, after getting an Indian to help him locate it without success, he tried such ingenious methods as a trap on the end of a long pole, which also failed to locate the missing article. Not to be discouraged, Goldie finally tied two ling fish together and finished by tying a trout to a large anchor stone with a long line. By this means he hopes, according to his diary, that the trout may get himself wrapped around the chisel handle. Such is the ingenuity of men in the North.

With the departure of George McLeod on Christmas Day, the present building programme at Norway House was about completed, and the old Fur Trade headquarters of the Northern District now presents a somewhat strange appearance from the days when Sir George Simpson held his councils. All the buildings on the north side of the Fort have been dismantled and in their place a modern bungalow has been erected. We can picture Dave Learmonth, after a strenuous day's trade, with his carpet slippers and the *Manchester* Guardian, in front of that open fireplace.

On May 3, the veteran missionary, Rev. John W. Niddrie, passed away at Berens River, aged 76. Famed throughout the country for his strength and stature no less than for his zeal, Mr. Niddrie endeared himself to white men and Indians alike. During his forty-six years amongst the Crees, he was stationed at Oxford House, Island Lake, and Berens River, where he retired in 1938.

St. Lawrence District

Posts in the St. Maurice section experienced a generally cold winter with the usual snowfall, but Gulf posts report one of the mildest on record. Snowfall at most points was very light and many of the hills became bare during March. An early opening of the Port of Montreal was expected, as ice breaking conditions were the most favourable for many years. However, the ice in both the Ottawa and Richelieu rivers remained firm, thus holding back the flood waters necessary to make a clearance of the St. Lawrence. Coastal vessels, however, are using the Port of Quebec, and the first to leave there did so on April 3 for upper Gulf ports.

In most sections rabbits are showing signs of returning, while ptarmigan are reported to be fairly numerous. In the Woswonaby area, the Indians suffered because of the lack of moose and a general scarcity of furs. In many parts of the North Shore similar reports were received from both Indian and white hunters. Blanc Sablon, however, reported signs of caribou in the St. Paul's River and Middle Bay vicinities.

A serious outbreak of dog sickness occurred to the eastward of Romaine post, being particularly severe near Harrington. Over a hundred dogs have already died. It appears all affected dogs show the same symptoms, chief of which is an impulse to run blindly until they fall from exhaustion. Many of the dogs broke their chains and ran out on the ice as far as the sea, into which they jumped and were drowned. Dogs from teams visiting Harrington during the ordinary course of business likewise caught this sickness and died. It is considered to be a form of distemper, for it attacked the well nourished dogs as well as the undernourished.

Hauling conditions in the Mattice vicinity were on the whole quite favourable this winter, and as a result deliveries of pulpwood were ahead of previous years. Our hauling equipment had a successful season, finishing about three weeks ahead of normal schedule.

During the second half of the winter George McLeod has been modernizing the layout in our stores at La Sarre, Senneterre and Oskelaneo posts. The old store at Obijuan is to be replaced this summer, and Post Manager H. A. Graham has been busily engaged getting out the logs for the main construction.

Our radio station at Mistassinny, VY2T, has been on the air throughout the winter and maintains daily schedules with the Roberval station of Dominion Skyways Limited. These prove extremely useful in reporting weather and landing conditions. Broadcasts take place at 7.30 morning and evening.

A census of the Indians was recently taken at Obijuan by the post manager, which showed that the native population is on the increase. The figures were as follows: Older natives, men 49, women 41; children and younger persons, males 90, females 83. The total population amounts to 263 persons.

The staff at Bersimis have been practising skiing whenever the opportunity occurred during the winter. Post Manager G. A. Beare, however, suffered an accident, which fortunately had no serious after effects. He upset in a soft spot and pulled his elbow out of joint. He was able to snap it back without assistance.

Charles Halliwell of the district office staff, who has been studying Intermediate Commercial Law at Sir George Williams College night classes during the winter, successfully passed his examinations on this subject, with high standing.

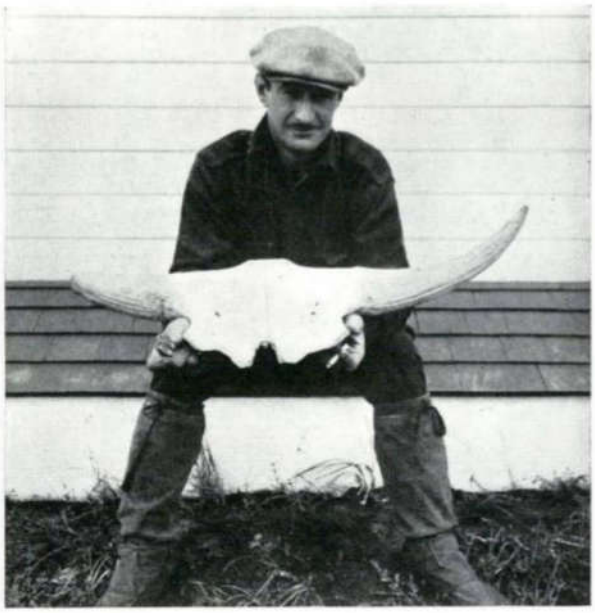
Mrs. H. M. S. Cotter recently spent a month in Montreal and other eastern points. Mrs. Paul Mehmel also came east to visit her daughter. The spell of the British Columbia country seems to have taken hold of both, as neither seemed anxious to return permanently to the east.

R. McNeil Howell, after spending a vacation in Newfoundland and Boston with his wife and two daughters, went to Fort McMurray in March for a month's merchandise refresher course. He is now back in Montreal awaiting his transfer to Labrador district.

The vitamin tablet parade on alternate days is quite a ceremonial at some of the posts, especially where there are two or three small children. Some of the youngsters proved to be "hold outs" at the start of the six months "course" and various forms of camouflage were resorted to by anxious parents to ensure that the youngsters would willy-nilly benefit from the tablets. During inspection visits it has even proved necessary on occasion, in order to get the desired results, for a conference to be held between the young recalcitrants and the man from Montreal. Young Lindley of Senneterre has been a most determined objector.

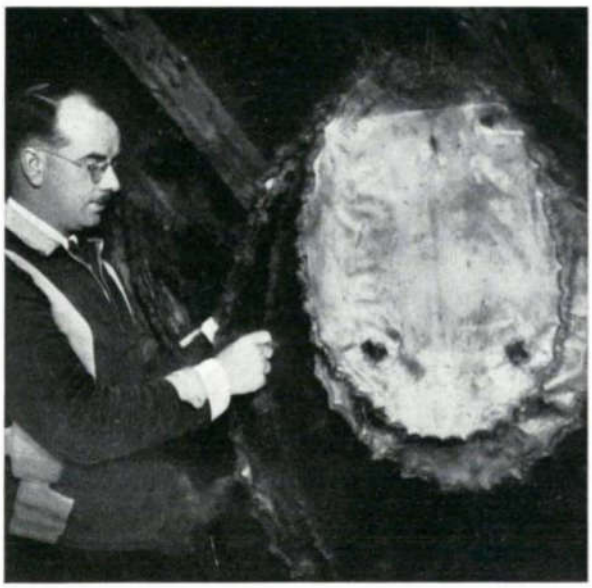
Down the ways in the spring the Mackenzie River *slides into the Mackenzie River.*

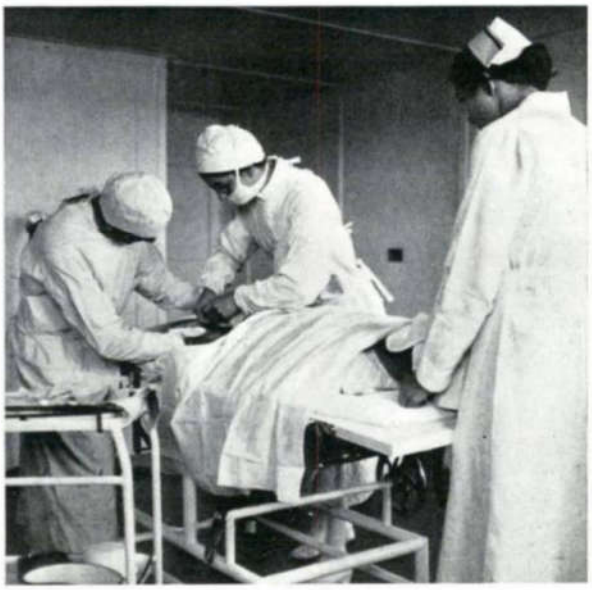
Dogs work in the summer, too. Joe Plant's wood outfit on Bear Island. Photos by H. C. Fisher.



Above: Skull of an extinct type of bison found by an R.C.M. Policeman of Aklavik. Below: Post Manager Reiach of Aklavik examines some beaver skins—once the currency of the fur trade.

Above: Remarkable instance of metempsychosis. Below: Dr. Livingstone operates at the Anglican Mission Hospital, Aklavik, with Matron Solomon and Staff Nurse Currie. Richard Finnie Photos.





James Bay District

It is with regret that we report the death of James Anderson at Winnipeg on April 16 at the age of eighty-six years. Mr. Anderson entered the service of the Company in 1885 and was manager of Ogoki post when he retired on pension in 1930. The funeral service was held at St. Andrew's Anglican Church and was attended by the Fur Trade Commissioner and other members of the staff.

The exceptionally mild weather during the past winter was also experienced in James Bay, but heavy snowfalls made it unusually difficult for travelling by dog sled, particularly on the east coast.

R. H. Cook from Gogama was in Winnipeg for a few days on business during April. We also had a visit in April from Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Duncan of Lac Seul post, who were enjoying a two-week vacation.

Returning from a furlough in Scotland at the end of March, W. B. Anderson proceeded to his new post at Albany. Despite the war and "blackouts," Mr. Anderson enjoyed the visit to his home and described the ocean voyage as uneventful.

P. J. Soper has also returned north from furlough, and is stationed at Rupert's House.

Mrs. J. S. C. Watt, who has been residing in North Bay with her children since January, will be returning to Rupert's House in June.

Mackenzie River Transport

Evidently spring is here, judging by greatly increased activities in M.R.T. circles. Crews for the various vessels have already commenced moving north. J. W. Barker, supervising engineer, with several engineers proceeded to Waterways and the upper river shipyards early in April to check over engines and get everything in readiness for the coming season. J. A. Davis, lower river shipyard foreman, is now on Smith Portage building a new roadway and dock at Fitzgerald and also moving the warehouse at that point down to the water front. Alterations, improvements and repairs at the Fort Smith warehouse and dock will be attended to by Mr. Davis prior to leaving for Gravel Point shipyards to launch vessels and barges for service on Great Slave Lake and Mackenzie River points.

George Miller and crew have everything in readiness at Waterways and upper river shipyards for an early start as soon as the rivers and lakes are open for navigation.

D. Hutchison, manager, recently visited Winnipeg and other points in the east on business and at the same time managed to cast aside his official cares and enjoy a few days' well earned holiday. He left April 23 for Waterways on an inspection trip and returned to Edmonton on April 27.

We now have information to the effect that ice in the Athabasca river and in the Clearwater moved out quietly on April 25. It is not expected we shall have any flood troubles at Waterways this spring, which is something we are very thankful for.

A new steel tug was recently built for us by the Standard Iron Works Limited, Edmonton, for service on the Peace river. This vessel, which has been named *Weenusk II*, is the first steel boat ever built in Edmonton. She is powered with an 85 h.p. Gardiner diesel engine, is smart and trim in appearance and should do yeoman service on the Peace river run. First trip to Vermilion Chutes was scheduled to leave Peace River on April 27. Operations are in charge of J. D. Cadenhead.

The accounting department will be located in Edmonton this season and will be in charge of our accountant, T. H. Thomas-Peter, ably assisted by Grant Garden.

H. N. Petty, assistant manager, and J. G. Woolison, agent Fort Smith, also Miss Jerry Clark, all departed for Waterways on April 30. Mr. Woolison will be leaving by first boat for Fort Smith and will again be in charge of operations at that point.

We welcome to our midst K. Y. Spencer, who has been transferred to our department for the coming season and will be in charge of our agency at Yellowknife. Ken will be accompanied by his wife and will be taking up residence at Yellowknife.

We congratulate J. G. Woolison on his marriage to Mira C. Larson on March 5. Mrs. Woolison will be going "Down North" and joining her husband at Fort Smith. We welcome Mira to the North and feel certain that her first visit to the Land of the Midnight Sun will be a pleasant one.

We also welcome Wm. McNeill of our raw fur department, Regina, who will be attached to the M.R.T. and will be assisting our agent at Fort Smith during the summer months.

Well known "skippers" will be back again with us this season. These include Captains Naylor, Alexander, Browne, Elyea, Brayshaw, Goodman, Garvie, Hansley, MacDonald, Mahood and McKenna.

New radio equipment is being installed on our vessels by "Sparks" Horner. Two-way voice sets will be used on the steamers and short and long wave receiving equipment will be installed at Waterways and on the several diesel powered vessels.

We had the pleasure of a visit in March from the Fur Trade Commissioner. Another welcome visitor, H. P. Warne, supervisor of raw fur department buying offices, called at our offices on April 22.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

Our Indian friends often utter words of wisdom which are worth passing on to the world at large. The chief of a Stoney band to the west of Edmonton has a scheme to promote and maintain world peace. He points out that Indian tribes constantly warred one with another until the Great White Mother instituted Treaty. If Herr Hitler would take Treaty, says the chief, he would be given a nice reservation, and rations and clothing would be his so long as he earned them by maintaining peaceful relations with his neighbours.

Believe-it-or-not Ripley reports the existence of a seam of coal which has been burning on the banks of the Mackenzie River for 150 years. He said it had been reported by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir John Franklin, and Sir John Richardson. We can assure Mr. Ripley that it is still warming the frozen North in this year of grace 1940.

J. O. Kimpton has been transferred to the western districts as accountant. He is not quite a stranger to Edmonton and we know that both he and Mrs. Kimpton will quickly find themselves at home here.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. G. S. M. Duddy of Fort St. John post upon the birth of a son on April 11.

We welcome to the district Frank B. Milne, who comes to us from Western Arctic district. Mr. Milne has been transferred to Fort McPherson.

Amongst recent visitors to the district office have been Andrew Reid, who, after medical attention and a long rest, has returned looking greatly improved in health; Mac Watson, in from Nelson Forks for medical attention; and J. K. Kerr from Goldfields, prepared to enjoy a few weeks holiday.

Thomas Scurfield also visited us. He made a trip to Winnipeg and, after absorbing some new ideas in merchandising, returned to Yellowknife to put them into use.

Ladies have also not failed to call on us; Mrs. Macfarlane of Fort Chipewyan, Mrs. Carson of Stony Rapids and Mrs. Clarke of Little Red River being welcome visitors during the past quarter.

J. G. Boyd of Fort McMurray, after paying a business visit to Edmonton, returned to issue some very snappy fliers. In fact there is now considerable competition between Fort McMurray and Cold Lake post in the matter of turning out trade-drawing advertising material.

The three Liard River posts—Fort Liard, Fort Nelson, and Nelson Forks—have been placed under the supervision of J. Milne, manager of British Columbia district, and from June 1st will be incorporated in that district. A regular aeroplane service between Edmonton and the Yukon has made these posts far more accessible to inspection from the west than from the Mackenzie River approach.

STAFF CHANGES

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA DISTRICT

Name	From	To
C. I. Cook	Training School, Winnipeg	Appren., Fort McPherson
C. E. Garnett	Training School, Winnipeg	Appren., Fort St. John
J. K. Kerr	Appren., Fort Smith	Appren., Goldfields
J. O. Kimpton	F.T.C.O.	Accountant, District Office
C. A. Campbell	Assistant Dist. Office	Assistant, Edmonton Depot
I. R. Eklund	Furlough	Manager, Nelson Forks
T. W. Fraser	Furlough	Assistant, Fort Fitzgerald

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA DISTRICT

Name	From	To
McD. C. Watson	Manager, Nelson Forks	Sick leave
W. D. H. Frechette	Assistant, Fort Resolution	Assistant, Yellowknife
R. W. Dodman	Furlough	Manager, Hay River
D. K. Wilson	Assistant, Goldfields	Assistant, Fort Smith
F. B. Milne	Furlough	Manager, Fort McPherson
J. K. Kerr	Apprentice, Goldfields	Furlough

The Beaver is printed for the Hudson's Bay Company by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada, and the engravings are made by Brigdens of Winnipeg Limited.

Best Procurable

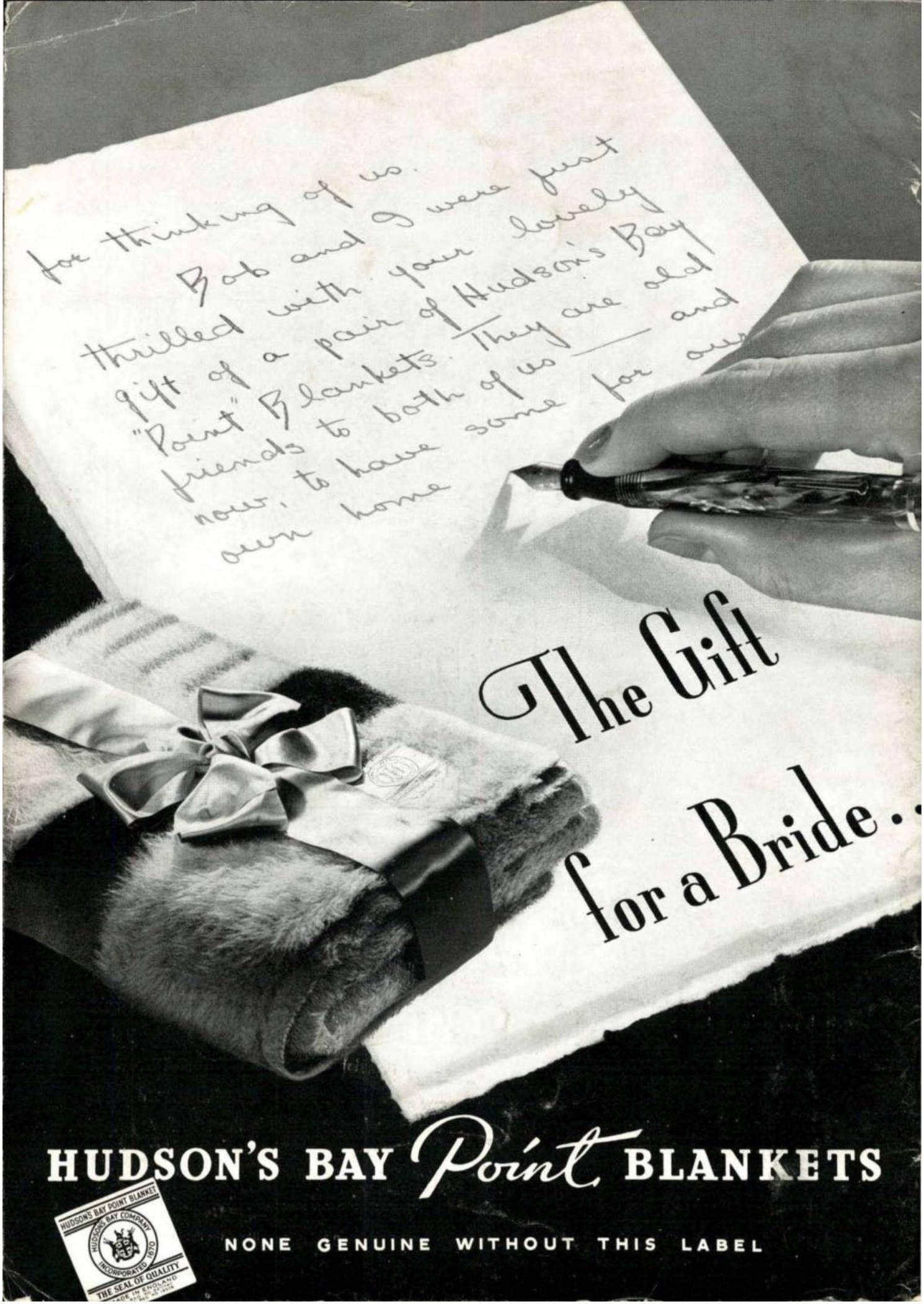
GOOD SPIRITS
SINCE 1692

FROM historic Scotland comes the world's best procurable whisky. . . and from Speyside in Scotland come the world's best procurable malts. Twenty-two of these world renowned Speyside malts are skilfully blended in Hudson's Bay Best Procurable Scotch Whisky. . . accounting for that smooth mellowness and characteristic flavour which have earned for it a place as one of the three best Scotches in the world.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

The Government Liquor Control Commission is not responsible for any statement made herein as to the quality of the liquor referred to.


for thinking of us.
Bob and I were just
thrilled with your lovely
gift of a pair of Hudson's Bay
"Point" Blankets. They are ideal
friends to both of us — and
now, to have some for our
own home
The Gift
for a Bride..

HUDSON'S BAY *Point* BLANKETS

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS LABEL